Columbine High: Yes, Violent Movies Are to Blame
By Gregg Easterbrook

CONQUERING SERBIA
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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The State of the Palestinians

A Personal Journey

By Hillel Halkin

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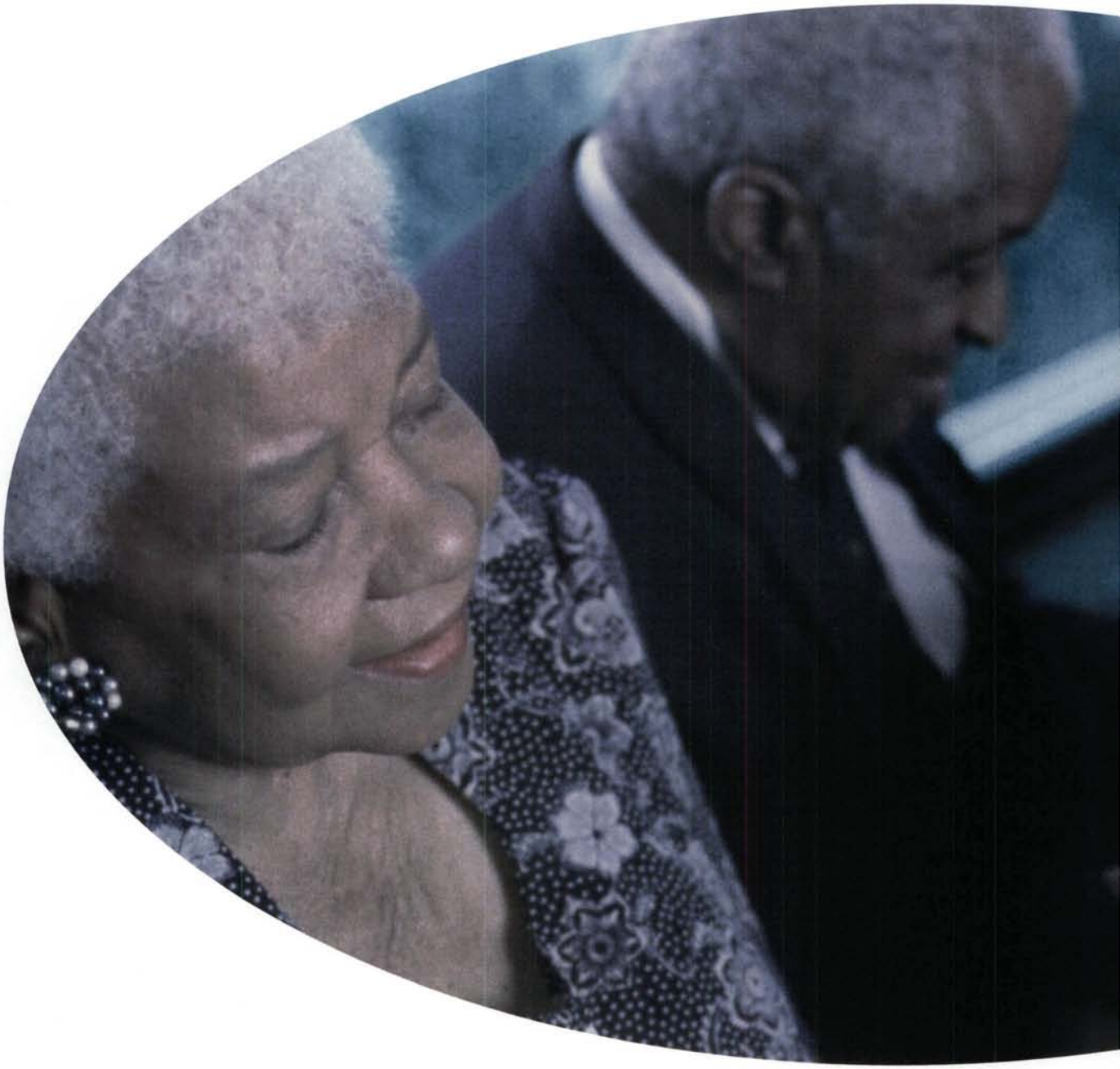

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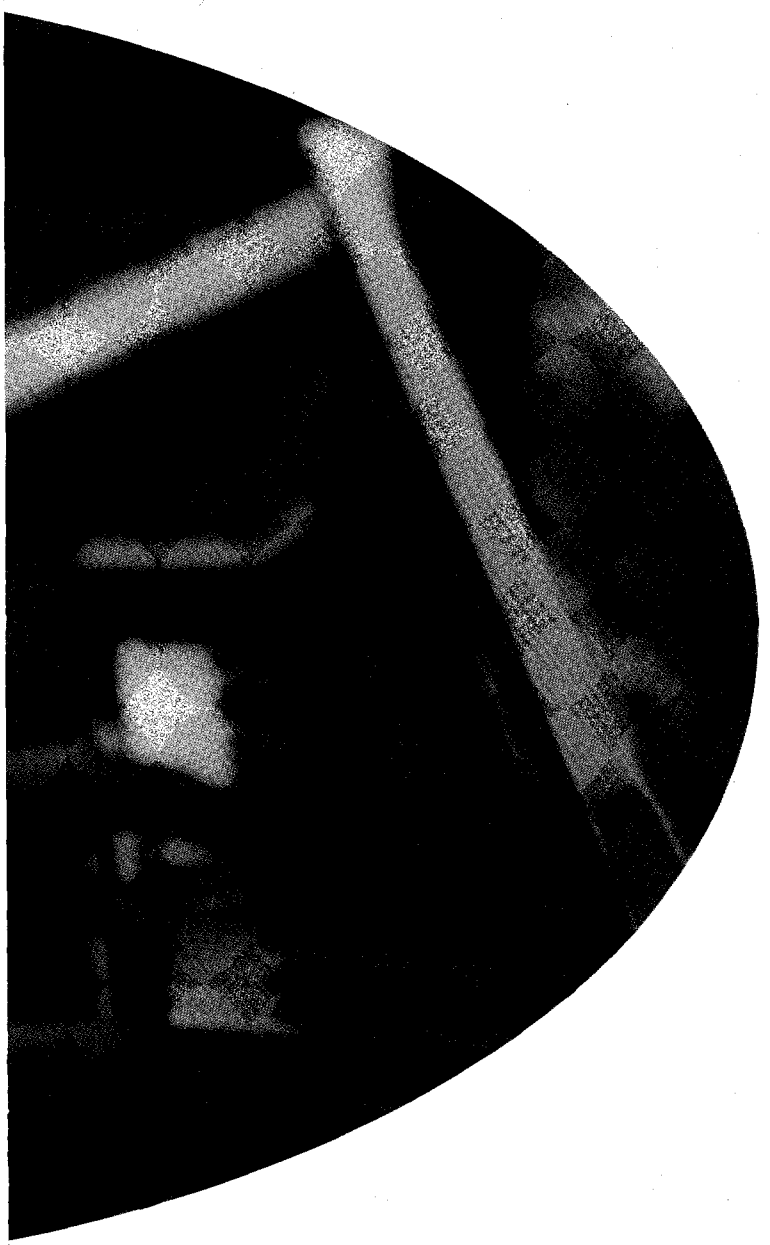

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts

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CORRESPONDENCE

Welfare cheat

TO THE EDITORS:

John B. Judis's story on Bill Bradley's run for the presidency does the former senator a disservice ("Journey Man," April 5). He asserts that Bradley refuses "to see any benefit whatsoever in requiring able-bodied recipients to find work," presumably because the senator voted against the 1996 federal welfare overhaul bill. Unless Bradley has changed his thinking 180 degrees, Judis has his views on work and welfare wrong.

In 1987, Bradley was the first Democratic senator to become an original cosponsor of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's landmark welfare reform legislation. I drafted that bill for Moynihan and worked closely with other senators and their staffs as the legislation wended its way through the 100th Congress.

The Moynihan bill was quite controversial at the time. Those on the far left attacked it because they felt the work and training requirements were too harsh. Organized labor, in particular, was outraged that we preserved the so-called "workfare" provisions that permitted states to require able-bodied parents to work in exchange for their benefits. We also strengthened and streamlined economic sanctions in those instances when adults failed to accept bona fide jobs without "good cause."

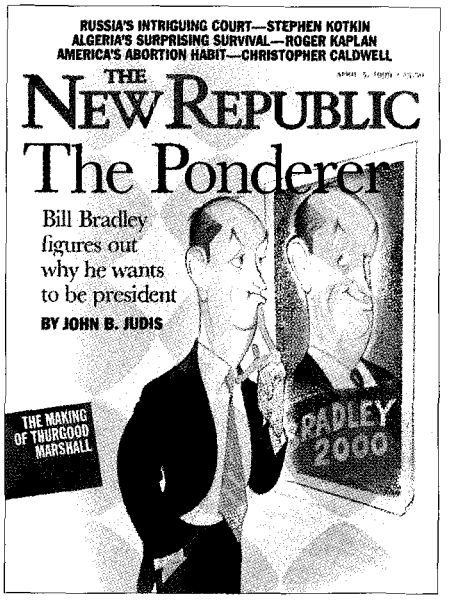
Bradley's and Moynihan's more recent opposition to the 1996 legislation shouldn't be confused with opposition to work requirements for the able-bodied poor. Rather, the handful of courageous Senate Democrats who voted against the 1996 bill—which, it should be remembered, Clinton vetoed twice before caving—understand the difference between declaring war on poverty and declaring war on the poor.

RIKKI BAUM
Director
Welfare Policy Research Project
University of California, Berkeley
Office of the President
Berkeley, California

Life choices

TO THE EDITORS:

I found Christopher Caldwell's article to be both informative and insightful ("Pro-lifestyle," April 5). But I take issue with his use of the word "lifestyle" and the relative importance this should occupy in one's reproductive decision-making. I have always considered the term "lifestyle" to refer to relatively trivial questions of taste. But the choices for many women facing



unwanted pregnancies today are far more serious.

Research tells us that the majority of women seeking abortions are between the ages of 15 and 24. These years are crucial to the rest of their lives, and the consequences of an unwanted pregnancy can be immense: a woman might be forced to choose between motherhood and education or prospects for a decent job; a girl might be faced with 18 years of parenting before she is even old enough to live outside of her own parents' home; a woman might have to choose between being economically self-sufficient and depending on welfare.

To place all nontherapeutic abortions at the same point on the moral spectrum as the one obtained by the woman Caldwell cites who didn't want to miss her ski vacation is both facile and demeaning to women who have made the agonizing decision to abort. (The ski trip abortion is as rare as it is morally repugnant.) Perhaps Caldwell operates in a reality in which child support is abundant and forthcoming, all would-be moms are old enough to vote, there is no hardship or stigma associated with being an unwed parent, and college diplomas and living wages are a given. If this were the case, perhaps women's decisions to abort would be more frivolous, less defensible. But, unfortunately, that is not the case. The world, as Caldwell himself points out, is a far more morally ambiguous place.

I would rather women made their own choices in these infinitely complicated situations—even accepting the reality that some women will make them selfishly and stupidly—than have the government decide for all of us.

RIGEL C. OLIVERI
San Francisco, California

TO THE EDITORS:

Christopher Caldwell correctly concluded that most Americans do not favor government interference into women's decisions. But he insulted and demeaned women with his prattle about "lifestyle," convenience, and hedonism. He ignored the fact that 60 percent of all women who have abortions have had a contraceptive failure of some sort; that 30 percent of all women having abortions have a household income below $15,000; and that a quarter of all abortions are performed for teenagers, a great many of whom owe their problems to ignorance, social pressure, or exploitation by older men.

Pay equity for women, better sex education in schools, and better contraceptive technology would lower the abortion rate.

EDD DOERR
Executive Director
Americans for Religious Liberty
Silver Spring, Maryland

TO THE EDITORS:

Christopher Caldwell, in his assessment of the Republican Party's platform and its so-called "abortion plank," implies that the platform calls for a constitutional amendment to ban abortion. But there is nothing in either the 1992 or 1996 platforms calling for such an amendment.

There is a section of both platforms that calls for a constitutional amendment to protect all human life regardless of venue or level of maturity. The 1992 plank reads, in part: "We believe the unborn child has a fundamental individual right to life which cannot be infringed. We therefore reaffirm our support for a human life amendment to the Constitution, and we endorse legislation to make clear that the Fourteenth Amendment's protections apply to unborn children." The 1996 plank provides a slightly different reading.

Certainly it would be correct to conclude that, if a human life amendment were to become part of our Constitution, statutes and court decisions (such as *Roe* v. *Wade*), which permit virtually unrestricted abortion, would be unconstitutional. But this is merely *an inference* from the passage of such an amendment. The platform never mentions a direct ban on abortion.

FRANCIS J. BECKWITH
Santa Ana, California

Party lines

TO THE EDITORS:

John Meroney approvingly repeats Elia Kazan's position that the Hollywood blacklist was the fault not of HUAC or the studios but of the victims ("Oscar Winner,"

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April 5). They were asking for it, and, besides, their names were already known. Current revisionism notwithstanding, it remains a fact that HUAC and the studios systematically repressed Communists, former Communists, and many "good liberals" for exercising their legal political rights as Americans. Inconvenienced by the Constitution, the committee was unable to punish these people judicially, so it cowed the studios into doing the job. And, once blacklisted, the only way to regain your livelihood was to submit your soul to the committee, betray your friends, and name names. And Meroney finds it ironic that this was, and is, considered by some to be un-American.

Unlike Terry Malloy in *On the Waterfront*, Kazan ratted out people not for committing any crime but for their beliefs. He and many others acted out of understandable fear, and perhaps bygones should be bygones. But it's hard to forgive him when he insists that what he did was right.

KEVIN THOMAS BROWNE
Boulder, Colorado

Where's the beef

TO THE EDITORS:

After reading "Tricks of Trade," I feel obliged to point out your own trade tricks (April 5). The editorial states, "For years, the EU has stubbornly refused to tear down its lavish system of agricultural subsidies and tariffs—including its ban on beef from American hormone-fed cattle—which has harmed not just U.S. farmers but European consumers as well."

The reason the EU countries banned hormone-fed cattle is that they believe this beef is harmful to those who consume it, not because they want to penalize American agribusiness. This is in contrast to their tariffs on bananas, which attempt to spread the wealth of the banana trade rather than allow two companies to monopolize the industry.

ROB ZAND
Houston, Texas

Taiwan straitjacket

TO THE EDITORS:

Jason Zengerle's article on the unnecessary and unwise risks to U.S. security interests by expanding relations between American and Chinese military leaders is very much on target ("Welcome Mat," April 19). Beijing's brass hats disclose nothing of importance to American visitors, while our military seems eager to help the People's Liberation Army do its intelligence homework.

The article could also have pointed out the illogic of a related phenomenon: Washington's policy of dramatically reducing contact between the U.S. and Taiwanese military establishments. While the United States does sell weapons to Taiwan, our government has contrived to isolate Taiwanese commanders and mid-level officers in a variety of ways.

Training opportunities at U.S. service schools have been cut back. Consultation on doctrine and strategy do not exist. American officers above the rank of colonel are generally barred from visiting Taiwan. No direct, secure channels of communication exist between U.S. and Taiwanese operational commands. In the event of a new crisis in the Taiwan Strait region, the lack of reliable communication links would be dangerous.

As someone who was present at the creation of the Taiwan Relations Act 20 years ago, I know this isolation was not intended by those who wrote the legislation governing dealings between Taipei and Washington. Successive presidents have allowed Beijing's allergies about Taiwan to distort U.S. policy. It is past time to revise this unwise trend.

CARL FORD
Germantown, Maryland

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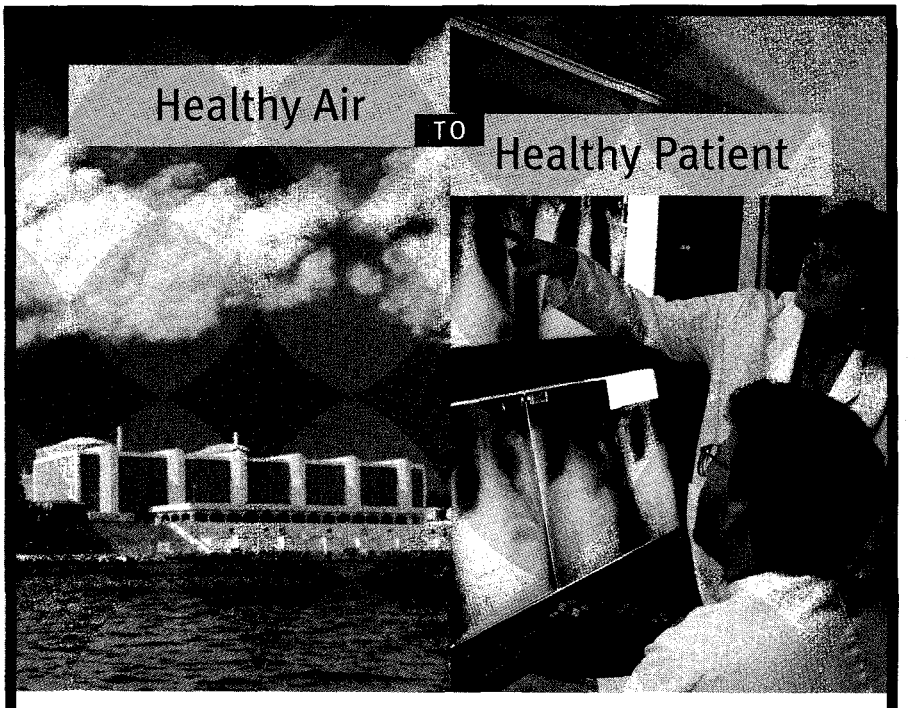

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Something To Declare

USUALLY ANYTHING GOES rhetorically in Washington. But, if you're a member of the Clinton administration, one little three-letter word is strictly taboo. Let's see if you can guess what that word is, based on these excerpts from recent statements by government officials.

Secretary of Defense William Cohen, answering a question on April 1 about the status of three American soldiers seized by the Serbs along the Macedonian border:

Q: . . . yeah, I just want to—do you consider them prisoners of war?

Cohen: At this point, their status is that of being illegally detained, and so they are illegal detainees at this point, and whether their status changes will depend upon the legal interpretation of where they were, what circumstances under which they came into Serb hands.

White House spokesman Joe Lockhart, at the April 13 daily briefing:

Lockhart: Let me go to April. Sorry.

Q: . . . Is the president ready to call this a low-grade war?

Lockhart: No. Next question.

Q: Why not?

Lockhart: Because we view it as a conflict.

Q: But why is it a conflict when there is such discrepancy about sending in troops, you've got this humanitarian effort that's massive? How can you say that it's not war?

Lockhart: Because it doesn't meet the definition as we define it.

Q: What is the definition as you define it?

Lockhart: John?

And, finally, my favorite, General Henry Shelton's testimony before the House Armed Services committee on April 15, in which he observed that American casualties would be unavoidable in the Yugoslavia campaign: "There's no such thing as a risk free"—you guessed it—"military operation."

By now you've easily figured out that the Great Unmentionable is "war." To be sure, occasionally the Clintonites blow their lines. On April 19, Lockhart accidentally remarked that "NATO has made very clear what needs to be done to end this war." (Oddly enough, the White House reporters who had been hounding him only a week before didn't pounce on this slip.) And, over at the Pentagon, spokesman Kenneth Bacon finessed the prisoner-of-war conundrum by saying, after a quick consultation with Defense Department lawyers, that the three Americans are "entitled to prisoner-of-war status." But, generally, the "W" word is so strictly forbidden that even outside supporters of the administration feel constrained not to utter it. Democratic Representative Tom Lantos, usually a straight shooter who supports the, ahem, operation in Yugoslavia, recently found himself saying that "we are engaged militarily with much more limited objectives."

These hilarious pronouncements remind me of that old routine with the descending duck on Groucho Marx's show "You Bet Your Life." Except, in this version, you already know what the magic word is, and you get a prize for not saying it. But is anything serious at stake? Actually, yes. Not only does the Clinton administration's gradualist conduct of the fight to save Kosovo seem reminiscent of the Johnson administration's escalation in Vietnam; its rhetoric is evocative of the evasive words we used to hear from our Vietnam-era leaders as well. In this war—I mean, this military action—the moral equivalent of the ever-climbing enemy body count is the oft-repeated contention that the NATO bombing campaign is "right on schedule," as if that's some kind of achievement given that the ethnic cleansing of Kosovo is ahead of schedule. Next thing you know, General Wesley Clark will be reminding us that "a military operation is hell."

Indeed, there is a connection between a war that is launched without the will to win and the weasel words that must be employed to explain such a venture. Iowa Republican Congressman James Leach, who is a skeptic about the need for U.S. involvement in Kosovo, put his finger on why: a declaration of war—or even the mere use of the word in official statements—would imply "a much more uncompromising stance to seek victory at all cost." Heaven forbid that the Clinton administration should talk itself into that position! That would be like inhaling.

What scares the administration, and its ever-creative corps of in-house attorneys, are the consequences, under both international and American law, of calling the bombing campaign over Yugoslavia by its true name. And, to be sure, some anti-interventionist Republicans are brandishing the 1973 War Powers Act in an effort to force Clinton to pull out of the, er, air campaign. Under the act, Clinton has until May 25, 60 days after the conflict began, to obtain congressional approval for the use of U.S. forces in the Balkans. Representative Tom Campbell of California is hard at work trying to precipitate a vote on two resolutions, one of which would declare war on Yugoslavia and the other of which would call for the immediate withdrawal of U.S. forces. (The latter got a stunning 19 votes in the House International Relations Committee.)

Campbell's effort is pure mischief, a good illustration of the absurdity of the War Powers Act itself. In more than 220 years of American history, during which U.S. forces have engaged in fighting a couple of hundred times, only the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Spanish-American War, and the two world wars were formally declared by Congress. So, if the act's purpose was to protect Congress's power to declare war from presidential usurpation, it came a few years too late. Billed as a prophylactic against future Vietnams, the act looks more like a way for Congress to shift the political accountability for making war back to the president than an authentic means of shoring up Congress's prerogatives. The whole notion of declaring war may be obsolete, anyway. Does anyone think that, in a real crisis, where national security might actually depend on, say, a preemptive strike against a North Korean missile pointed at Hawaii, the United States should pause to announce that it is about to attack?

Still, I think Campbell's efforts are useful in one way. He's the only guy out there willing to try to force the administration to define its objectives more plausibly than it has up until now. I don't agree with Campbell that we should get out of the Balkans, but I do agree with him that our only real choices are exit or victory. As matters stand now, when the president and his men natter on about the clear political aims of NATO's campaign, they are protesting too much. In fact, their strategy, such as it is, seems to be to keep bombing and see what develops. Maybe the Russians will take us off the hook by selling out their friends in Belgrade. Maybe there will be a military coup against Slobodan Milosevic, and the new rulers will grant NATO a "permissive environment" in Kosovo. Or maybe this feckless war is the sort of thing that happens when statesmen defer to their lawyers.

CHARLES LANE

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WHITE HOUSE WATCH

Permissive

FINALLY, AMERICANS HAVE a leader who is acting presidential. Last week, he gave the courageous signal that he would use ground troops if necessary to defeat the Serbs in Kosovo. Refusing to negotiate with Milosevic, he urged other NATO members to stand firm with him. Then he flew off to Chicago to outline a new, aggressive foreign policy. His approval ratings climbed, and journalists poured on praise.

Unfortunately, this leader is Tony Blair, the British prime minister. Bill Clinton, meanwhile, is bumbling through Kosovo with neither strategy nor stamina. He continues to rule out a ground war (no matter how obvious the need) and seems interested in a Russian-brokered appeasement plan. What appeared at the outset to be an admirable show of resolve now seems to be an expensive fireworks display with no grand finale.

"Inexplicable," remarks one former Clinton adviser, who, like most observers, is mystified by Clinton's strategy. "They're guaranteeing ineffectiveness. What kind of way to fight a war is this? The worst thing in the world you can do is go in slow and telegraph every move." Doubts like these dominated the back-channel chitchat at NATO's meeting in Washington at the end of April. The question on many minds: What's going on in the White House?

I have investigated the matter and can offer the following conclusion: Beats me. Still, one can identify three key problems. First, national security advisers shouldn't be political operatives who weigh domestic concerns heavily in their strategic calculations. Second, there's no "third way" in warfare. The distinction between violence and nonviolence is not a "false choice" bridged by compromise (what's a "semi-permissive" invasion?). And, third, you can't spin a war the way you roll out the patients' bill of rights. The machine that beat Newt Gingrich and Linda Tripp won't knock out Slobodan Milosevic.

Not too many Clinton advisers are leaping to take credit for the Kosovo policy. Twice in the past week, the White House issued transcripts of national security briefings identifying the briefer throughout only as a "SENIOR ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL." It reminds me of the time Mike McCurry came to his daily briefing with a bag over his head.

Clinton, Al Gore, and their national security team are largely basing their judgments on the work of lesser-known underlings, particularly those who toil in the White House's foreign policy shop, the National Security Council. And, at the NSC, nobody's influence is greater than that of one James B. Steinberg, national security adviser Sandy Berger's deputy. Steinberg is the gatekeeper through which ideas and paper pass before reaching Berger. "He's really the day-to-day NSC leader on Kosovo, both intellectually and practically," says a colleague. "Jim sort of runs the process and gives a lot of intellectual firepower to it."

Steinberg, usually loquacious with reporters, decided to hold his tongue when the subject turned to himself. He didn't respond to my calls requesting an interview, though he tried, through a spokesman, to shape the story. No surprise. He is, by all accounts, a rising star of Democratic foreign policy, knowledgeable on the issues and a decent and well-liked man. But he didn't get where he is by agreeing to a profile during wartime. He is not a risk taker, and his Kosovo thinking shows it.

In *The Best and the Brightest*, David Halberstam argued that America was led into the Vietnam bog by White House advisers who were sterling academics without political experience. Now it's the opposite: security advisers with political antennae. Steinberg, a savvy climber and a master of spin, is exhibit A. After Harvard and Yale Law School, Steinberg worked for the Michael Dukakis campaign. He worked for Ted Kennedy and the Rand Corporation before joining Warren Christopher's State Department in a largely political role. At the NSC, Steinberg is known for his deep faith in China engagement and his sensitive ear to Congress.

NSC officials seem to realize their no-ground-troops position is a strategic loser. "There's validity in the criticism that this is no way to fight a war," says one official. "But it's not just about fighting a war. There are other imperatives." There always are. The question is whether these "imperatives" distract the United States from designing a coherent strategy.

Imperative number one, say the Clintonites, is Russia. The country has a radical Duma, a population sympathetic to the Serbs, a teetering leadership, and a whole pile of nukes. (This is why the administration's designated Russia stroker, Strobe Talbott, flew off to Moscow on April 25.) But the fear of this possibility, which even NSC aides view as "remote," is disproportionate to the risk.

Imperative number two is NATO unity. Clinton isn't getting enough credit for holding the alliance together, his aides say. The Brits are strongly for war, for example, while German Chancellor Schroeder's government could fall if ground troops are used. "Imagine taking eighteen of your best friends to Blockbuster and picking one movie to watch," says one official. Holding the alliance together is fine. But is Clinton saving NATO by making it toothless?

Imperative number three: feasibility. "In my heart, and in the hearts of most people around here, we want ground troops," says one NSC official. "It's just not that simple." Indeed, the ground troops issue is so charged that it provokes an expression of the mutual dislike between State and the NSC. Albright may think victory easy, this official adds, but "the State Department always loves having other people clean up their failed policy." The generals argue that Kosovo's terrain and weather, Serbia's military, and the area's poor infrastructure all make a ground war too difficult. The idea that pouring in a couple hundred thousand troops would solve the problem is a "simplistic, armchair-general view," one NSC official says. Still, where's the skepticism about the Pentagon's history of ritually opposing the use of force? The generals thought the Gulf war would be an American bloodbath, too.

The fourth and perhaps most important imperative is domestic politics. One foreign policy adviser to Clinton even laughed when I suggested public opinion shouldn't matter. Clinton is worried about the damage a ground war could wreak on his presidency and Gore's prospects in 2000. Unfortunately, the reluctance of men like George W. Bush and Bill Bradley explicitly to back a ground war reinforces Clinton's caution. But how big a liability is Kosovo intervention? Ann Lewis, the president's counselor, says that, when she spoke to the Communications Workers of America, the crowd "burst into applause" when she mentioned Kosovo, "and that was before I made my case." To be sure, public support could prove ephemeral. But that argues for overwhelming force, not incremental tactics. By doing too little too slowly, Clinton could wind up with the worst scenario of all.

DANA MILBANK

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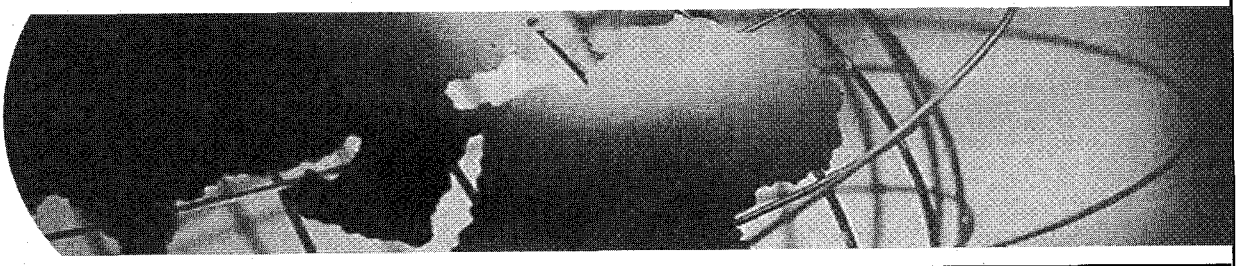

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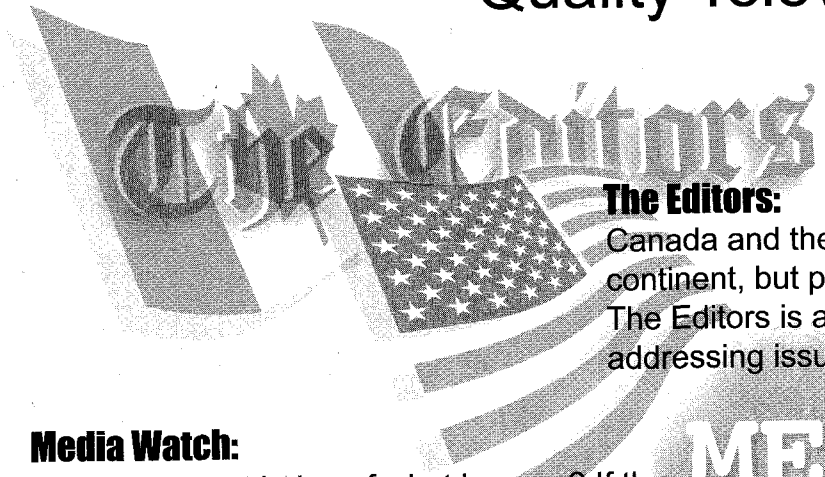

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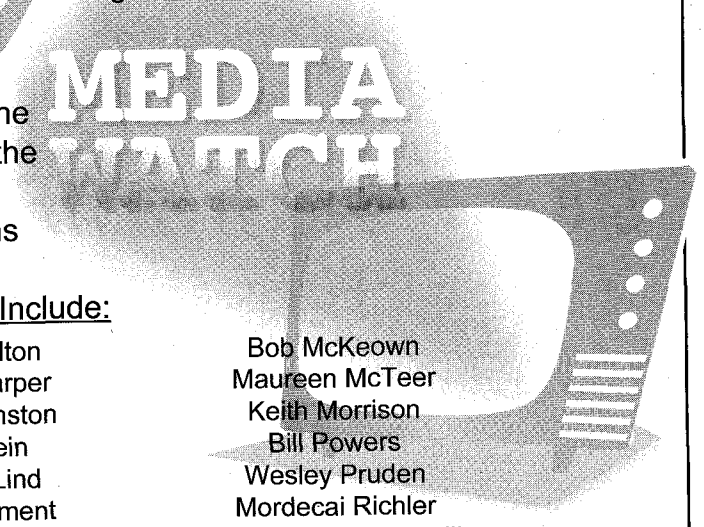

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Primary Problem

IT MAY NOT seem like it now, but the pending presidential primary campaign will be over before you know it. Thanks to an unprecedented front-loading of caucuses and primaries in the 2000 election, it's likely that both parties will have chosen their nominees by mid-March, barely a month after the first-in-the-nation New Hampshire primary. California has moved its contest up to March 7, to coincide with primaries in Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, and New York. And Super Tuesday, which includes the electoral bounty of Texas, comes a week thereafter. Just like that, the nominations could be wrapped up—long before the lakes in New Hampshire have even started to thaw.

If you're already bored with this campaign—or, for that matter, if you happen to be a wealthy political contributor who doesn't mind the fact that this year is, in effect, a marathon "primary" contest to see who can raise the most money—then this might seem like an entirely good thing. Otherwise, you should be concerned.

Admittedly, the system for choosing presidential nominees has never been ideal. The schedule has always given voters in Iowa and New Hampshire a kind of artificial king-making role. We have nothing against small states, but there's no particular reason that their citizens' votes should count so much more than those of voters in major states like California, whose residents in recent history have cast their ballots long after the nomination fights have been settled (or, at least, long after the field of candidates has been winnowed). Moreover, the old primary schedule exaggerated the role of party activists—who are more influential in small contests that stress grass-roots organizing—thus pushing both parties toward their ideological extremes. These were precisely the problems that party leaders in California and other large states sought to remedy when they moved up their primaries; in this sense, at least, the new system is an improvement.

Unfortunately, though, front-loading the primaries has created a host of new problems—problems as serious, in their own way, as the ones they were supposed to have solved. First, the old system's chief virtue was that it helped diminish the natural advantage of candidates with larger campaign war chests. In past campaigns, it was possible for an upstart candidate to make a surprise showing in Iowa or New Hampshire—where one-on-one, "retail" politics matter most—and then use that boost to raise additional funds. During this primary season, by contrast, an underdog who does well in New Hampshire will have very little time to mount simultaneous campaigns in New York and California—two states where costly television ads are particularly important.

Even worse than handicapping candidates, though, the new accelerated primary system, by making the permanent campaign even more permanent, shortchanges the electorate. As recently as the last election, candidates did not begin campaigning in earnest until the fall before the election year. Thus, under the old system, a year like this one might provide opportunities for passing major legislation in a relatively depoliticized environment, or, at least, for hashing out important debates, or maybe even for fighting a war without dwelling too much on its domestic political consequences. This year, however, with a dozen candidates already on the trail, much of the normal business of governing has been put on hold—until January 2001. Neither the president nor Congress is about to touch issues like trade, Medicare, or Social Security, even though all require attention. At the same time, all but the most hopeless candidates are loath to stake out specific policy positions, since they don't want to make themselves vulnerable to attack so long before the first vote. As a result, there's no real debate of ideas, either. It's the worst of both worlds.

If the old system had to change—and, for all of its warts, we're not sure it did—then there were better changes that could have been made. It would make far more sense, for example, to have a system of several regional primaries, spread out over a period of three months, with the sequence changing every election year. This would prevent certain self-selected states from holding too much sway, yet it would also allow the campaign to unfold at a more deliberative pace—thereby giving voters a chance to do something more than simply ratify the choices of people who give donations to candidates.

But, since that sort of system won't be in place anytime soon, intermediate steps will have to do. Among other things, the existing rules for public financing of campaigns exacerbate the shortcomings of the compressed schedule. Under current law, the government matches private donations to

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candidates with public subsidies; historically, these matching funds have leveled the playing field among candidates. But, thanks to a relatively obscure regulation adopted in 1991, the government must now hold off distributing some of these funds until later in the spring—which, in the new schedule, means after the big primaries are over. The Federal Elections Commission should undo that regulation and release the public funds earlier. This might give a wider variety of candidates a better chance—and voters a real choice. ■

NOTEBOOK

THE ALLEGED USE OF LANGUAGE: Bad enough that, days after the Colorado high school massacre, news reports continued to refer to the two perpetrators as "suspects" rather than "murderers." Bad enough that, on the night of the murders, CNN paused to assure viewers that the network did not mean to criticize those who wear black trench coats. Bad enough that commentators scrambled to attribute the killings to value-neutral causes like adolescent stress. But please, please, can we forever delete the word "spree" when it comes to the murder of human beings? *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language* says: "Spree: 1. A carefree, lively outing. 2. A drinking bout. 3. Overindulgence in an activity." It is indicative of the nonjudgmental culture in which the Colorado murderers were raised that even highly paid media personnel, who cannot bring themselves to say that killers are killers or that slaughter is evil, call the bloodshed of innocents a "spree." What occurred in Colorado was a massacre. Such things happen when evil walks among us. Speaking this truth may help prevent its repetition.

AFP

Survivors of evil.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM BELGRADE: Give Republican Representative Jim Saxton of New Jersey credit. He beat Jesse Jackson to Belgrade. But that's about all we can say for his recent three-day trip to Yugoslavia. As Saxton explained it, he had been invited by Slobodan Milosevic's government "for the purpose of understanding their side of the story." Sure enough, Saxton returned to chide the United States, "the most powerful country in the world," for bombing the poor, defenseless Serbs. And what about the ethnic cleansing in Kosovo? According to Saxton, that only started "when we started bombing"—and it was merely Milosevic's way of "defend[ing] his country to the best of his ability, but in ways that are foreign to us." It's not a war crime, it's cultural expression.

AFFAIRS OF STATE: Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern Affairs Martin Indyk is in another jam of his own making. Last August, he hired Joseph Zogby to serve for a year as his special assistant. Most likely, this was a bit of political patronage; Zogby's father, James, who heads the Arab-American Institute, is a prominent Democrat whose work has been praised by President Clinton himself. What Indyk now says he didn't know was that Zogby *fils*, who is 29, had a paper trail that was thoroughly hostile to Israel and to American foreign policy. Consider "A Letter From Palestine," which Joe Zogby published on the Internet in July 1998. Zogby wrote that "the Occupied Territories resemble nothing more than South African-style Bantustans: isolated, overcrowded, economically destitute islands of Palestinian autonomy surrounded by a raging sea of rapidly expanding Israeli settlements and the Israeli army." He added: "The vagueness and limited scope of the Oslo accords, combined with the powerlessness of the Palestinians and the willful ineffectuality of the Americans, have allowed the Israeli government to systematically destroy the possibility of a two-state solution." In a meeting with the Anti-Defamation League on April 26, Indyk was questioned about Zogby. "His work," replied Indyk, "has been professional and exemplary.... We asked him to stay and we did offer him a promotion." To be sure, Indyk said, Zogby's articles were "distasteful and disturbing"—which is putting it mildly—but he is "not an Israel-hater." To that strained endorsement, Indyk added that Zogby has been loyal to the administration on a job that "does not deal with policy towards Israel." This was good enough for the ADL, which issued a statement pronouncing itself amenable to letting Zogby finish the last three months of his term. But it leaves some questions unanswered, among them what Zogby was doing if he was not working on Middle East policy, which is Indyk's portfolio. Just picking up Indyk's dry cleaning?

INTERNET MAN: Al Gore's gaffe regarding the origins of the Internet has sparked a war of would-be wits in Washington. First came Dan Quayle's "if Gore invented the Internet, I invented spell check," followed shortly thereafter by Trent Lott's claim to be the father of the paper clip. Even Gore is laughing at himself about this. "Nobody questioned Strom Thurmond when he said he invented the wheel," the veep quipped. Barely noticed amid all the hilarity (save for one 400-word *Washington Post* article), a number of influential cyber-cognoscenti have come to Gore's defense. Vinton Cerf, the developer of Internet protocol, said that the Internet would not be where it is today without Gore's support. Jaron Lanier, a pioneer of virtual reality, writes in a letter to the *Post* that "back in the '80s, Mr. Gore was the only national political figure who understood what the Internet could mean to America's future." This praise is not altogether new. It dates to Gore's leading role in the 1991 legislation that resulted in the National Research and Education Network, one of the information super-highway's major building blocks. So naybe Dsn Quayl did invant spel chekk atfer all.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS: In last week's issue, we neglected to credit some of the artwork we used. The photograph of the bombed-out convoy on page 20 came from Serbian television, via Newsmakers; the Web page excerpt on page 22 is from Amazon.com; and the photograph of D. James Kennedy on page 24 is from the D. James Kennedy Center for Christian Statesmanship. Our apologies for the omissions. ■

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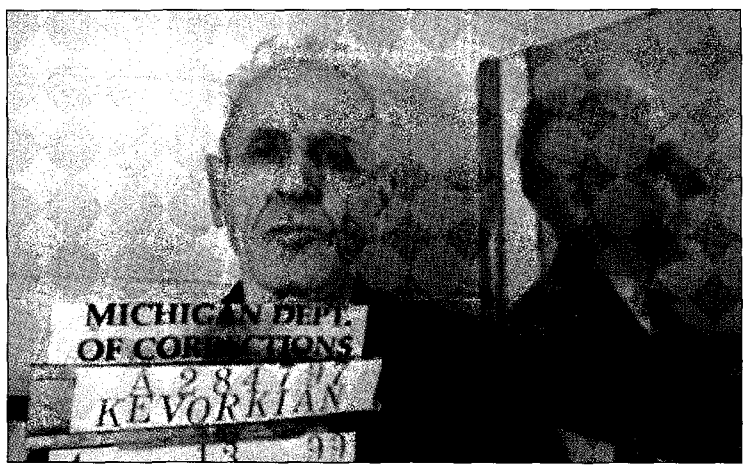
The end of euthanasia?

Death's Door

By EZEKIEL J. EMANUEL

JACK KEVORKIAN'S LUCK has finally run out. After three previous acquittals, the poster boy for euthanasia was convicted of second-degree murder on March 26 and sentenced to ten to 25 years in prison. "You had the audacity to go on national television, show the world what you did, and dare the prosecution to stop you," Judge Jessica Cooper told Dr. Death. "Well, sir, consider yourself stopped."

Stopping Kevorkian, of course, isn't the same thing as stopping euthanasia and physician-assisted suicide, but his downfall is emblematic of a larger consensus developing against these practices. In the courts, in state legislatures, in public opinion polls, and in the medical community, advocates for euthanasia and assisted suicide are losing the legal and political battle. Indeed, as Americans look more closely at the consequences of euthanasia and assisted suicide—and as physicians develop better ways to care for the dying—it's the argument for these practices that may soon be put out of its misery.



AFP

Death's head.

The argument is an old one. In modern times, it was first articulated by Samuel Williams, in an 1870 speech before the Birmingham (England) Speculative Club. "[I]n all cases of hopeless and painful illness," he said, "it should be the recognized duty of the medical attendant, whenever so desired by the patient, to administer chloroform ... so as to destroy consciousness at once, and put the sufferer to a quick and painless death." Williams's speech caused a political and medical uproar in Great Britain, and, before long, the debate had landed on American shores. In 1905, "An Act Concerning Administration of Drugs, etc. to Mortally Injured and Diseased Persons"—a bill to legalize euthanasia—was introduced in the Ohio legislature and hotly discussed across the country.

Ultimately, though, the legislature rejected the bill 79 to 23. Interest among Americans gradually waned—the issue becoming, in the words of the *Journal of American Medicine,* "like a recurring decimal." It wasn't until about ten years ago, thanks to Kevorkian's antics and, more substantively, to a pair of articles in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and the *New England Journal of Medicine*, that the issue resurfaced nationally. Initial legalization attempts were for both euthanasia and physician-assisted suicide. More recent efforts have been geared primarily toward legalizing assisted suicide, although in practice the distinction is dubious.

The tide began to shift against the assisted-suicide movement in 1997, when the Supreme Court unanimously ruled against a constitutional right to assisted suicide or euthanasia; Florida's Supreme Court did the same thing weeks later. At the level of state politics, 70 percent of Michigan voters opposed a 1998 referendum to legalize assisted suicide. Although many states have considered bills to legalize euthanasia or physician-assisted suicide, few bills have made it out of committee, and none has passed a legislative body. Moreover, since the U.S. Supreme Court ruling, three states have passed laws specifically criminalizing physician-assisted suicide, thus joining the 35 states that already had such statutes.

While conventional wisdom holds that most Americans support the legalization of euthanasia and physician-assisted suicide, slight changes in wording and emphasis can elicit contradictory responses. For instance, while a majority of adults may favor allowing doctors "by law to assist the patient to commit suicide if the patient requests it," less than half agree with the idea that "it should be legal for a doctor to help a terminally ill patient commit suicide." Patients and their families have begun to realize that there may be more to a "good death" than speed and physical comfort. People often need time to say good-bye to family and friends, take care of practical things, or attend to spiritual matters. Also, key segments of the population—the elderly, the religious, African Americans, and women—are strongly opposed to legalization.

Support for euthanasia and assisted suicide has declined rapidly among those who must administer it. In 1994, a research group I headed conducted a poll among oncologists and found that 46 percent supported physician-assisted suicide for a terminally ill cancer patient with unremitting pain; 23 percent supported euthanasia. A repeat national survey of oncologists I headed in 1998 showed that support for physician-assisted suicide in the same circumstance had declined by half, to 22 percent; support for euthanasia had declined even more, to a mere six percent of cancer doctors.

Increasingly, the medical profession is looking for ways to improve care for the dying rather than accede to assisted suicide. The Institute of Medicine released a major study on dying in America with numerous recommendations on how it could be improved, and the National Institutes of Health

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has designated millions of dollars for research on improvements. The American Medical Association has developed a comprehensive curriculum—Education for Physicians on End-of-life Care—on caring for dying patients. Similarly, medical schools are beginning to enhance their teaching of pain management and end-of-life care.

Another force behind the shift may be the movement itself, or at least elements of it. Kevorkian's made-for-TV euthanasia of Thomas Youk highlighted some of the major arguments against euthanasia—namely, that euthanasia may be used as a replacement for palliative care rather than as a "last ditch" treatment and that patients may be pressured into ending their lives. Youk, who suffered from Lou Gehrig's disease, was experiencing no pain but worried about caring for himself and burdening his family. Kevorkian did absolutely nothing to be sure that Youk received appropriate alternatives—like home care or a psychiatric evaluation—before he went for the lethal needle. Then there was the fact that, when Youk evinced some hesitation about going ahead with the injection, the video was interrupted. While we do not know what Kevorkian or Youk's family said to him during the interruption, the video left the impression that Youk may have been pressured into his decision.

The results of the assisted-suicide movement's greatest victory to date—a 1994 referendum victory that legalized physician-assisted suicide in Oregon—have not helped, either. Only 15 patients (13 of whom had cancer) ended their lives by assisted suicide in the first 14 months under the new law, which took effect in 1997. A study found that, in general, these patients were not experiencing excruciating pain. Indeed, only one of the patients complained of inadequate pain control. This confirmed other studies that show that pain is not the main—and not even an important—factor in motivating patients to request euthanasia or assisted suicide; plainly, the conventional notion of why a terminally ill person would want to end his life is simply false.

THE OREGON DATA casts further doubt on the need for legalization at all. In 1998, 28,913 Oregonians died. Fifteen patients represent a miniscule 0.05 percent of all dying patients in Oregon. By contrast, in the Netherlands, more than three percent of patients die by euthanasia or physician-assisted suicide. Either there is very little demand and hence little need for legalized physician-assisted suicide in the United States or there is a lot of euthanasia and physician-assisted suicide going on outside the law, undermining the notion that legalization is the only way to ensure regulation and enforcement of safeguards.

As the history from the Gilded Age suggests, public enthusiasm for assisted suicide and euthanasia seems to flourish at times of economic instability and when the reigning social philosophy is laissez-faire. Interest in euthanasia waned with the rise of the Progressive movement and as trust in government and professionals increased. Interestingly, the recent resurgence of public interest in euthanasia coincided with the economic uncertainty of the early '90s and the high tide of Republican free-market ideology. But this ethos is no longer as salient as it used to be, particularly when it comes to health care. With the rise of managed care, government and physicians now seem to be the public's allies and protectors. In such an atmosphere, euthanasia and physician-assisted suicide no longer seem so appealing.

Proponents will continue to press legal cases, to lobby legislatures, and to try to get on the ballot. But these efforts will be largely irrelevant. The clamor for euthanasia and physician-assisted suicide pushed medical professionals to improve end-of-life care. With those changes established, the assisted-suicide movement itself may be in terminal condition. ■

If you rebuild it...

A New Serbia

By DANIEL JONAH GOLDHAGEN

IN THE EARLY '40s, Germany and Japan were waging brutal imperial wars, conquering country after country, expelling subjugated populations from their homes, and perpetrating mass murder. In the 1990s, Serbia has been waging brutal imperial war, seeking to conquer area after area, expelling unwanted populations, and perpetrating mass murder. Germany and Japan were colossal powers, ravaging on a continental scale, together dragging the world into war. Serbia is a small, local power, ravaging on a regional scale, dragging NATO into a limited air war.

In all three instances, both the imperialism and the perpetrators' vicious treatment of the victims have been supported by a large majority of the country's populace that was beholden to an ideology which called for the conquest of Lebensraum and the vanquishing of the putative enemies. They believed fanatically in the rightness of these actions, even though they knew that the world saw them to be crimes. In all three instances, the crimes themselves were carried out often by ordinary members of the societies who willingly took these dehumanizing beliefs to radical conclusions when their governments moved them to do so. In all three instances, the majority of the people whose country was committing these enormous crimes deluded themselves into believing that they were the real victims and that any attempt, such as bombing, to halt the imperialism and mass murdering was the real crime. In all three instances, dissident minorities opposed the crimes but were too weak to stop them.

Serbia's deeds are, in their essence, different from those of Nazi Germany only in scale. Milosevic is not Hitler, but he is a genocidal killer who has caused the murders of many tens of thousands of people. The Serbs are not seeking the total, geographically unbounded destruction of another people, as the

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Germans did with the Jews. But they, too, are pursuing an eliminationist project to purge whole regions of Albanians and, earlier, Bosnians. The Serbs did not begin their imperial and mass murdering wars as the Germans did, without suffering injury or any conceivable threat, but did so in the context of simmering ethnic conflicts and having suffered some injuries themselves at the hands of Croats and of even Bosnians and ethnic Albanians. But the Serbs have nevertheless done their best to remind the world of the Holocaust. The majority of Serbs may not be, as many Germans were, in the grip of an apocalyptic ideology that essentially calls for, and produces policies that would lead to, an end to Western civilization. But the vast majority of the Serbs are animated by a particularly virulent variant of the nationalism characteristic of Western civilization. The horrifying result is all the dead civilian Bosnians and Albanians, who, whether or not one calls this genocide, are just as dead as were the murdered Jews, Poles, Russians, gays, and others during Hitler's time.

By the end of 1945, the Germans and Japanese had stopped killing. Within a few years, they were no longer a threat to their neighbors. Germany and Japan became democracies, good neighbors, and responsible, leading members of the international community. Germany, in particular, has become a force for democracy, cooperation, and prosperity beyond its borders. These parallel transformations are two of the greatest political successes of the twentieth century. How did such thoroughgoing transformations occur? And could they be reproduced in Serbia?

Germany and Japan were totally defeated and occupied. They were compelled by their conquerors to adopt democratic institutions and to remake themselves, to rid their public spheres of their nationalist, militaristic, and dehumanizing beliefs. Gradually, new political cultures and practices took root. Mentalities changed. The postwar world could not have been so peaceful and prosperous for Germany's and Japan's neighbors, or even for the Germans and Japanese themselves, if the war had ended with some negotiated settlement, the criminal leaders had been left in power, and the then-dominant cultural myths and beliefs that called for the violent subjugation and elimination of other peoples had continued to reign.

As long as Milosevic is in power, as long as Serbs continue to harbor the burning hatred of ethnic nationalism and are afflicted with delusions about themselves, their neighbors, and the rest of the world (that its wish is to victimize the innocent Serbs), there will be no peace in the Balkans, and the danger of renewed "ethnic cleansing" will continue. As with Germany and Japan, the defeat and occupation of—and the reshaping of the political institutions and prevailing mentality in—Serbia are morally and, in the long run, practically necessary. With an allied-occupied Serbia, and a redrawn map that would certainly include a Kosovo detached in whole or in part from Serbia, peace and eventually prosperity could come to the region. The various countries and ethnic groups would be physically secure and in position to break out of the current spiral of hatred and vengeful dreaming. The existing Serbian democratic forces would be able to assert themselves, and the incentives would be created for more people to devote themselves to supporting democratic institutions, practices, and ideals. A new democratic educational system and public sphere could teach Enlightenment values such as toleration and the moral equality of all human beings.

The remaking of Serbia is desirable for the well-being not just of its neighbors but also of its inhabitants, now caught in the grip of delusions, hatreds, an ever-more-belligerent society and culture, war, and death. Occupation is the prerequisite for producing a thoroughgoing democratic transformation in Serbia and, more broadly, in the former Yugoslavia (there should be no illusions that all the Serbs' neighbors are angels). The common notion that outside powers cannot impose peace upon or set in motion the transformation of a belligerent society is belied by the historical record. In Serbia, it would be a much smaller and less costly task, in both material and human terms, than it was in Germany and in Japan.

The myriad costs to the NATO allies would, of course, still be substantial. Allied soldiers would die; the war and the occupation would be expensive in dollar terms (though so would a ground war to free Kosovo followed by an indefinite quarantine of Serbia); diplomatic rifts within NATO would likely develop; the Russians would probably become more hostile. Before NATO would embark on such action, the will of member nations would have to be engendered to bear the costs and to stay the course. So far, there is little indication that the NATO countries' leaders and elites have the moral fiber and political courage to do so.

But this does not mean that a plan to occupy and transform Serbia is not, in principle, both feasible and morally right. The moral objections against occupation and the forced reshaping of Serbia are slender. Any people that commits imperial war, perpetrates wholesale murder, and assaults entire peoples—not just their armies but unarmed men, women, and children—has forfeited the protections that the norms and conventions of sovereignty usually afford. Similarly, if a people's self-understanding of self-determination includes conquest, mass expulsion, and mass murder, the principle of self-determination is rendered moot for that people because it is a principle that is secondary to more fundamental ones, such as the right not to be murdered.

Any people that commits such deeds in open defiance of international law and the vehement condemnation of virtually the entire international community clearly consists of individuals with damaged faculties of moral judgment and has sunk into a moral abyss from which it is unlikely, anytime soon, to emerge unaided. The majority of the Serbian people, by supporting or condoning Milosevic's eliminationist politics (see "Milosevic's Willing Executioners," by Stacy Sullivan, TNR, May 10), have rendered themselves both legally and morally incompetent to conduct their own affairs and a presumptive ongoing danger to others.

Essentially, their country must be placed in receivership. The international community's secondary principles of

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sovereignty and self-determination should be suspended in the name of the primary principles of protecting the lives and fundamental liberties of the assaulted peoples. The criminals among the Serbs—Milosevic, the Serbian leadership, and those who have butchered, expelled, and raped Albanians and Bosnians—need to be punished; the rest of the criminals' supporters, composing a large percentage of the Serbian people, need to be made to comprehend their errors and rehabilitated. The Serbian people should regain full sovereignty only when they demonstrate that they have a real democracy that respects international law, including, of course, the genocide convention.

Some may object that NATO, by embarking on such an exercise, would be guilty of moral arrogance and self-righteousness, would itself be acting in an imperial manner, or would be impermissibly selective by doing in Serbia what it has not done elsewhere. All of these unconvincing objections are answered by the undeniable rightness and success of the World War II Allies' analogous interventions in western Germany and Japan. These accomplishments are not diminished by the failure of the allies, then and today, to have taken similar action in other genocidal or quasi-genocidal instances—from the Chinese Communists who perpetrated genocide for decades to the 1994 genocide in Rwanda.

THE MAJOR PITFALL to be avoided in occupying Serbia would be the temptation to be highly punitive. A relatively benign occupation would strengthen the democratic forces within Serbia just as it did in western Germany. The allies, partly through the character of an occupation that would help rebuild the country and the region economically, would have to make it clear to the Serbs that their purpose is not to exploit Serbs or to profit from their actions and that the basis of their actions is composed of universal morality and defensible principles of justice. The notion of collective guilt, conceptually and morally indefensible, must be rejected. Only those individuals who actually committed crimes should be treated as criminals. That such an occupation would be multilateral is therefore highly desirable, for that would both make it easier eventually to persuade Serbs that the moral underpinnings of the occupation are just and also make it less likely that the occupying forces would seek to pursue separate and illegitimate interests. And, if the 19 NATO countries will not unanimously consent to such a policy, the United States and others should pursue it outside of NATO's auspices.

The allied countries should not undertake such a project lightly, particularly because they, especially their leaders, can hardly lay claim to moral purity. There should be a high threshold for such intervention. A plausible standard for such an intervention was established de facto in 1945, along with the principle that a people that participates in or endorses systematic mass murder by its government—whether outside or inside its borders—can be occupied and have its country reshaped according to democratic principles. By any reasonable measure, Serbia has met this standard. The only weighty arguments against occupying and transforming Serbia are the costs, in casualties and resources, to the allies, which would not be small, and the need to deal with Russia, which would certainly oppose such a policy.

Nevertheless, if people accept this principle of intervention, and if people accept that it was both morally correct and wise to occupy and transform Germany and Japan in 1945, it follows that they must endorse, in principle, the desirability of pursuing a similar course in the Serbia of 1999. Those who refuse to draw this conclusion should at least not pretend that the range of policy options are restricted to negotiation, sanctions, bombing, or ground troops for Kosovo alone. They should also present a workable conception of how to restore peace and some semblance of normality to the region after the Serbian troops are removed from Kosovo.

TO THE SHAME of the world—particularly the Europeans and the United States—no one intervened when the Hutus were committing genocide against the Tutsis in Rwanda. To the shame of the United States and its allies, they stood by after defeating Saddam Hussein and watched him commit mass murder against the Iraqi Shia. The cost of inaction in a world where murderous rulers lead hate-filled people in eliminationist, even genocidal onslaughts is high enough that even those suspicious of, and reluctant to use, American or NATO arms should realize that there is no moral option but to defeat, overwhelmingly and finally, the genocidal killers of our day. Otherwise, the perpetrators will continue to kill and will likely begin to kill again. And future potential genocidal killers will think—as all the recent ones have—that they, too, will enjoy impunity.

The Federal Republic of Germany regained its sovereignty after four years of such an occupation and proceeded, at first haltingly and then with great determination, to build a successful democracy and good relations with its neighbors. Old enmities can be overcome with the guarantee that violence is not a policy option for oneself or one's enemies, with people's participation in democratic life, and with education. Education includes seeing oneself though the corrective lenses of others—for the Germans of 1945, those of the Allies; for today's Serbs, it would be those of the NATO countries. After all, the once-bitter enmities between Germans and French and between Germans and Poles have been overcome; this would not have been possible if the Allies had merely beaten Hitler's armies back to Germany's old borders, set up a "quarantine," and then left either Hitler or a like-minded successor, such as Himmler, in power.

NATO has done little more than hurl pious words and ineffectual bombs while the Serbs have continued to slaughter and expel hundreds of thousands of Albanians and, before them, Bosnian Muslims. On the assumption that NATO—now embarrassed by its seeming impotence, worried about its credibility, and under increasing pressure from its publics—decides to roll the Serbs back from Kosovo, NATO's leaders still need to articulate a strategy to restore genuine peace and to create the possibility for a positive future in the region. The question in stark form is: Would Albanians, Bosnians, Croats, Europeans, North Americans, and even Serbs be better off if Serbia were governed by a Saddam Hussein or a Konrad Adenauer? ■

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Whether—and how—to send troops to Kosovo.

Ground Rules

By WARREN BASS

EVER SINCE NATO began bombing Serbia, we've been deluged with a seemingly endless array of ostensibly expert opinions on the wisdom of sending in ground troops. There is, to be sure, general consensus on some issues—for instance, that Yugoslavia's miserable weather, pathetic transportation networks, and arduous terrain make it a less-than-optimal battlefield, or that Slobodan Milosevic cannot be defeated by air power alone. Beyond that, however, the military debate is among three main schools of thought: call them the gung-ho, the gun-shy, and the gun-toting.

No Kosovo hawk is more gung-ho than William Odom, a retired Army general and former director of the National Security Agency. Odom dismisses more modest ground war scenarios, which revolve around attacking from Albania and Macedonia in the south, and argues instead for a massive, high-speed armored attack from Hungary and a sweep down the Danubian plain onto Belgrade. "Your line of logistics goes right into NATO," he explains. "After you've [taken Belgrade], it'll be a walk into Kosovo."

Odom would also supplement the invasion from the north with another push from the south, forcing the Serbs to fight on two fronts. NATO estimates that it would take 200,000 troops to defeat Milosevic's 120,000-man army, but Odom reckons that—especially after weeks of bombing—as few as 30,000 or 40,000 troops would be needed, including 24,000 U.S. troops already stationed in Germany. As for casualties, says Odom, "we might take a few, but that's going to be the price of the war that Mr. Clinton started."

The gun-shy school is led by such analysts as James Anderson of the Heritage Foundation and Doug Bandow, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute. Both think tanks are ideologically skeptical of intervention in general, Heritage on realist grounds, Cato on quasi-isolationist ones. Then there's George Friedman, the chair of Stratfor, an Austin, Texas-based corporate intelligence company that recently completed a study of NATO's ground options in Kosovo and concluded that it has none.

The gun-shy pick apart Odom's plan. For instance, to move NATO armor from Germany to Hungary would require crossing neutral Austria, which has warned the alliance off. Odom shrugs at this glitch: "Given that the Austrians don't like having all those refugees going up there, I suspect they'll be for it." But even if that's true, notes Friedman, Hungary itself is still balking at being used as a staging ground, partly for fear of what Milosevic would do to the thousands of ethnic Hungarians in the Vojvodina province of Serbia. And, of course, there's the problem of getting across the Danube on the way to Belgrade—NATO has destroyed most of the bridges.

With Hungary gone, that leaves Albania and Macedonia as potential staging areas. But Macedonia is thus far unwilling to turn itself into a NATO base, and Greece still insists that NATO cannot send an invasion force through the port of Thessaloniki, which would be crucial to a successful major sealift into landlocked Macedonia. Underdeveloped Albania is hospitable politically but not logistically. Any land transport into Albania from Western Europe would have to go through Montenegro, but that might prompt Milosevic to mount a coup in the embattled republic. Meanwhile, Friedman adds, "there are only two roads from Albania to Kosovo, one through deep mountain paths and the other through a valley."

Wresting away a slice of Kosovo to create a safe haven for the refugees does not appeal to the gun-shy, either. The only geographically viable chunk, the Stratfor study concludes, is the Pagarusa Valley, which runs parallel to the mountainous Kosovo-Albania border for about eight miles and reminds Friedman of Dien Bien Phu.

What's more, the gun-shy note, Yugoslav military doctrine was designed to defeat a massive Soviet invasion by fielding mobile infantry formations that take advantage of the rugged terrain and bad weather to tie invading troops down. These defensive tactics could be employed just as effectively in a war of attrition against NATO.

Nonetheless, the gun-shy might be overestimating the Serbs' ability to resist NATO. As Odom has argued, many of Milosevic's current forces are poorly trained. Moreover, the mainstays of his tank forces are Soviet models from the 1950s. In short, Odom has written, "the entire Serb tank force is no match for a single battalion of U.S. M-1A2 tanks. Apache attack helicopters should have a field day against Serbian ground forces. U.S. mechanized infantry mounted in Bradley Fighting Vehicles with 20mm twin guns can destroy most Serbian armor."

THE LARGEST SCHOOL of thought—the gun-toters—aren't necessarily as optimistic as Odom; however, unlike the gun-shy, they tend to argue that a ground war is militarily feasible but politically painful. John Hillen, a decorated Gulf war veteran and senior fellow in political-military studies at the Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS), concedes that Odom's proposed march down from Hungary "makes the most operational sense." But he says it "will be immediately knocked off the table by the political constraints inherent in limited war."

Instead, Hillen proposes launching a ground war aimed at establishing 75 percent of Kosovo as a safe haven for ethnic Albanians, using Macedonia or Albania as bases. Under this scenario, NATO would take three months to draw on at least 60,000 troops trained in synchronized, sustained offensive combat. Hillen estimates the campaign itself would take a month or two and could cost NATO 1,000 killed and wounded.

Michael O'Hanlon, a fellow in foreign policy studies at the Brookings Institution, also favors a scaled-down ground war,

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though for slightly different reasons. If NATO's war aims included an independent Kosovo, he recently said, "Serbian forces may very well be extremely motivated to fight us very hard." His solution is to let the Serb troops know in advance that Belgrade could keep a slice of northern Kosovo and that NATO would not turn the province into a Kosovo Liberation Army state. This could give Serb soldiers incentives to surrender or not to fight especially hard, allowing NATO to defeat them with about 100,000 to 125,000 troops, many of whom could be airlifted into Kosovo. New staging areas inside Kosovo could then be used to mass reinforcements. The result would be "possibly even just dozens of casualties."

The range of opinion on the ground war is hardly atypical. "You had all the same arguments raised before the Gulf war," notes Anthony Cordesman, a military analyst at CSIS and ABC News. "Why should they be any more right this time?" No reason, alas. War is all about things going wrong. "Murphy's Law not only touches military operations; it dominates them," says Hillen. So NATO should at least weigh its ground options with its eyes wide open. Odom, for one, is fond of quoting Clausewitz: "The maximum use of force," he says, "is in no way incompatible with the maximum use of intellect." ■

Balkan Myth

THE CONTENTION THAT Yugoslav Partisans brought "the Wehrmacht and the Luftwaffe to a halt," as Republican Representative James Leach of Iowa has put it, has rapidly become the favorite cliché of those who oppose the use of NATO ground troops in Kosovo. No less a military savant than Dick Morris cautioned recently in *The Hill* that Hitler became "mired deep in the Balkans chasing Tito around the mountains." Republican Congressman Randy "Duke" Cunningham advised his colleagues: "In World War II, Germany had seven hundred thousand troops in Kosovo. The Chechens [sic], with one-half the force that Milosevic has, killed those Germans." Republican Senator Judd Gregg informed CNN that the Yugoslav resistance "kept twenty-one German divisions pinned up."

This notion is, in fact, sheer invention—detritus of the Tito regime's propaganda. Only four German divisions—the 704th, 714th, 717th, and 718th infantry divisions—were garrisoned in Yugoslavia during most of the occupation. Berlin dispatched two to three times that number to deal with the Norwegian resistance. "Neither significant nor elite German occupation forces," historian Andrew Zapantis writes in *Hitler's Balkan Campaign and the Invasion of the USSR*, "were tied down in Yugoslavia after April 1941." Nor, observes Noel Malcolm, did "Tito's 'liberation' of areas of remote countryside . . . affect the German war effort in any vital way: the Germans and Italians continued to control the large towns, the major roads and railways, and the mines." Balkan authority Nora Beloff reported that "the populated parts of Yugoslavia, including the fertile Danube-Sava basin and the two greatest cities, Belgrade and Zagreb, remained as quiescent as the rest of occupied Europe."

The divisions were made up of older troops, poorly trained and equipped mostly with captured vehicles and light artillery. The authorized strength of each division was 10,000 men, but most fielded barely half that. Indeed, until late 1943, most Axis forces in Yugoslavia were not German, but Italian and Bulgarian.

To be sure, Berlin occasionally dispatched additional forces to Yugoslavia for anti-Partisan operations, but those units would typically be withdrawn after a few months; of them, only the First Mountain Division could be described as first-rate. That changed in late 1943, when Axis forces in Yugoslavia swelled to twelve German divisions and a still-larger complement of *Volksdeutsche*, Croatian, Bulgarian, and Cossack units. That deployment, however, owed less to Partisan military prowess than to events outside Yugoslavia's borders: Italy's surrender, the approach of the Red Army, and, most important, the prospect of an Allied landing in the Balkans.

The latter threat explains why the German theater commander positioned the bulk of his ground forces on the Adriatic coastline. The Wehrmacht, moreover, could afford to direct its attention to the sea because the Communist Partisans and the royalist Chetniks, when not retreating from defeat to defeat—or, in Tito's case, fleeing the country in 1944—expended most of their energies killing one another. A postwar U.S. Army survey reported that German soldiers regarded assignment to Yugoslavia as "not as pleasant, perhaps, as assignment to occupation duty in France, Belgium, or Holland, but infinitely preferable to service in the Soviet Union or North Africa." Between June 1941 and April 1945, the Germans suffered only 20,000 dead and wounded in the Balkans—even fewer than they suffered during the six-week blitzkrieg against France in 1940. Barely any of these casualties were taken in Kosovo.

It was the Red Army, not the Partisans, that inflicted many of the German casualties in the Balkans during the last months of the war. Tito no more liberated Yugoslavia than DeGaulle liberated France. "Though it is unfashionable to say so," Oxford historian Michael Howard writes, "[Yugoslavia] was liberated by Marshal Tolbukhin's Third Ukrainian Army." The Germans, in fact, executed an orderly retreat from Yugoslavia—an evacuation that, to the dismay of the Allies, wound through the mountains, largely unhindered by the Partisans.

If any historical analogy obtains today, it is not the German experience during the occupation but the Wehrmacht invasion of Yugoslavia in April 1941. After twelve days of flight, during which it managed to kill 151 Germans, the Yugoslav military capitulated. It was perhaps the most incompetently mounted defense of the European war.

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ROBERT NEUBECKER

Yes, the media do make us more violent.

Watch and Learn

By GREGG EASTERBROOK

MILLIONS OF TEENS have seen the 1996 movie *Scream*, a box-office and home-rental hit. Critics adored the film. *The Washington Post* declared that it "deftly mixes irony, self-reference, and social wry commentary." The *Los Angeles Times* hailed it as "a bravura, provocative send-up." *Scream* opens with a scene in which a teenage girl is forced to watch her jock boyfriend tortured and then disemboweled by two fellow students who, it will eventually be learned, want revenge on anyone from high school who crossed them. After jock boy's stomach is shown cut open and he dies screaming, the killers stab and torture the girl, then cut her throat and hang her body from a tree so that Mom can discover it when she drives up. A dozen students and teachers are graphically butchered in the film, while the characters make running jokes about murder. At one point, a boy tells a big-breasted friend she'd better be careful because the stacked girls always get it in horror films; in the next scene, she's grabbed, stabbed through the breasts, and murdered. Some provocative send-up, huh? The movie builds to a finale in which one of the killers announces that he and his accomplice started off by murdering strangers but then realized it was a lot more fun to kill their friends.

Now that two Colorado high schoolers have murdered twelve classmates and a teacher—often, it appears, first taunting their pleading victims, just like celebrity stars do in the movies!—some commentators have dismissed the role of violence in the images shown to the young, pointing out that horrific acts by children existed before celluloid or the phosphor screen. That is true—the Leopold-Loeb murder of 1924, for example. But mass murders by the young, once phenomenally rare, are suddenly on the increase. Can it be coincidence that this increase is happening at the same time that Hollywood has begun to market the notion that mass murder is fun?

For, in cinema's never-ending quest to up the ante on violence, murder as sport is the latest frontier. Slasher flicks began this trend; most portray carnage from the killer's point of view, showing the victim cowering, begging, screaming as the blade goes in, treating each death as a moment of festivity for the killer. (Many killers seek feelings of power over their victims, criminology finds; by reveling in the pleas of victims, slasher movies promote this base emotion.) The 1994 movie *Natural Born Killers* depicted slaying the helpless not only as a way to have a grand time but also as a way to become a celebrity; several dozen onscreen murders are

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shown in that film, along with a discussion of how great it makes you feel to just pick people out at random and kill them. The 1994 movie *Pulp Fiction* presented hit men as glamour figures having loads of interesting fun; the actors were mainstream stars like John Travolta. The 1995 movie *Seven*, starring Brad Pitt, portrayed a sort of contest to murder in unusually grotesque ways. (Screenwriters now actually discuss, and critics comment on, which film's killings are most amusing.) The 1995 movie *The Basketball Diaries* contains an extended dream sequence in which the title character, played by teen heartthrob Leonardo DiCaprio, methodically guns down whimpering, pleading classmates at his high school. A rock soundtrack pulses, and the character smiles as he kills.

THE NEW HOLLYWOOD tack of portraying random murder as a form of recreation does not come from schlock-houses. Disney's Miramax division, the same mainstream studio that produced *Shakespeare in Love*, is responsible for *Scream* and *Pulp Fiction*. Time-Warner is to blame for *Natural Born Killers* and actually ran television ads promoting this film as "delirious, daredevil fun." (After it was criticized for calling murder "fun," Time-Warner tried to justify *Killers* as social commentary; if you believe that, you believe *Godzilla* was really about biodiversity protection.) Praise and publicity for gratuitously violent movies come from the big media conglomerates, including the newspapers and networks that profit from advertising for films that glorify murder. Disney, now one of the leading promoters of violent images in American culture, even feels that what little kids need is more violence. Its Christmas 1998 children's movie *Mighty Joe Young* begins with an eight-year-old girl watching her mother being murdered. By the movie's end, it is 20 years later, and the killer has returned to stalk the grown daughter, pointing a gun in her face and announcing, "Now join your mother in hell." A Disney movie.

One reason Hollywood keeps reaching for ever-more-obscene levels of killing is that it must compete with television, which today routinely airs the kind of violence once considered shocking in theaters. According to studies conducted at Temple University, prime-time network (non-news) shows now average up to five violent acts per hour. In February, NBC ran in prime time the movie *Eraser*, not editing out an extremely graphic scene in which a killer pulls a gun on a bystander and blasts away. The latest TV movie based on *The Rockford Files*, which aired on CBS the night of the Colorado murders, opened with a scene of an eleven-year-old girl in short-shorts being stalked by a man in a black hood, grabbed, and dragged off, screaming. *The Rockford Files* is a *comedy*. Combining television and movies, the typical American boy or girl, studies find, will observe a stunning 40,000 dramatizations of killing by age 18.

In the days after the Colorado slaughter, discussion of violent images in American culture was dominated by the canned positions of the anti-Hollywood right and the mammon-is-our-God film lobby. The debate missed three vital points: the distinction between what adults should be allowed to see (anything) and what the inchoate minds of children and adolescents should see; the way in which important liberal battles to win free expression in art and literature have been perverted into an excuse for antisocial video brutality produced by cynical capitalists; and the difference between censorship and voluntary acts of responsibility.

THE DAY AFTER the Colorado shooting, Mike De Luca, an executive of New Line Cinema, maker of *The Basketball Diaries*, told *USA Today* that, when kids kill, "bad home life, bad parenting, having guns in the home" are "more of a factor than what we put out there for entertainment." Setting aside the disclosure that Hollywood now categorizes scenes of movie stars gunning down the innocent as "entertainment," De Luca is correct: studies do show that upbringing is more determinant of violent behavior than any other factor. But research also clearly shows that the viewing of violence can cause aggression and crime. So the question is, in a society already plagued by poor parenting and unlimited gun sales, why does the entertainment industry feel privileged to make violence even more prevalent?

Even when researchers factor out other influences such as parental attention, many peer-reviewed studies have found causal links between viewing phony violence and engaging in actual violence. A 1971 surgeon general's report asserted a broad relationship between the two. Studies by Brandon Centerwall, an epidemiologist at the University of Wisconsin, have shown that the postwar murder rise in the United States began roughly a decade after TV viewing became common. Centerwall also found that, in South Africa, where television was not generally available until 1975, national murder rates started rising about a decade later. Violent computer games have not existed long enough to be the subject of many controlled studies, but experts expect it will be shown that playing such games in youth also correlates with destructive behavior. There's an eerie likelihood that violent movies and violent games amplify one another, the film and television images placing thoughts of carnage into the psyche while the games condition the trigger finger to act on those impulses.

Leonard Eron, a psychologist at the University of Michigan, has been tracking video violence and actual violence for almost four decades. His initial studies, in 1960, found that even the occasional violence depicted in 1950s television—to which every parent would gladly return today—caused increased aggression among eight-year-olds. By the adult years, Eron's studies find, those who watched the most TV and movies in childhood were much more likely to have been arrested for, or convicted of, violent felonies. Eron believes that ten percent of U.S. violent crime is caused by exposure to images of violence, meaning that 90 percent is not but that a ten percent national reduction in violence might be achieved merely by moderating the content of television and movies. "Kids learn by observation," Eron says. "If what they observe is violent, that's what they learn." To cite a minor but telling example, the introduction of vulgar language into American public discourse traces, Eron thinks, largely to the point at which stars like Clark Gable began to swear onscreen, and kids then imitated swearing as normative.

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Defenders of bloodshed in film, television, and writing often argue that depictions of killing don't incite real violence because no one is really affected by what they see or read; it's all just water off a duck's back. At heart, this is an argument against free expression. The whole reason to have a First Amendment is that people *are* influenced by what they see and hear: words and images do change minds, so there must be free competition among them. If what we say, write, or show has no consequences, why bother to have free speech?

DEFENDERS OF HOLLYWOOD bloodshed also employ the argument that, since millions of people watch screen mayhem and shrug, feigned violence has no causal relation to actual violence. After a horrific 1992 case in which a British gang acted out a scene from the slasher movie *Child's Play 3*, torturing a girl to death as the movie had shown, the novelist Martin Amis wrote dismissively in *The New Yorker* that he had rented *Child's Play 3* and watched the film, and it hadn't made him want to kill anyone, so what was the problem? But Amis isn't homicidal or unbalanced. For those on the psychological borderline, the calculus is different. There have, for example, been at least two instances of real-world shootings in which the guilty imitated scenes in *Natural Born Killers*.

Most telling, Amis wasn't affected by watching a slasher movie because Amis is not young. Except for the unbalanced, exposure to violence in video "is not so important for adults; adults can watch anything they want," Eron says. Younger minds are a different story. Children who don't yet understand the difference between illusion and reality may be highly affected by video violence. Between the ages of two and eight, hours of viewing violent TV programs and movies correlates closely to felonies later in life; the child comes to see hitting, stabbing, and shooting as normative acts. The link between watching violence and engaging in violence continues up to about the age of 19, Eron finds, after which most people's characters have been formed, and video mayhem no longer correlates to destructive behavior.

Trends in gun availability do not appear to explain the murder rise that has coincided with television and violent films. Research by John Lott Jr., of the University of Chicago Law School, shows that the percentage of homes with guns has changed little throughout the postwar era. What appears to have changed is the willingness of people to fire their guns at one another. Are adolescents now willing to use guns because violent images make killing seem acceptable or even cool? Following the Colorado slaughter, *The New York Times* ran a recounting of other postwar mass murders staged by the young, such as the 1966 Texas tower killings, and noted that they all happened before the advent of the Internet or shock rock, which seemed to the *Times* to absolve the modern media. But all the mass killings by the young occurred after 1950—after it became common to watch violence on television.

When horrific murders occur, the film and television industries routinely attempt to transfer criticism to the weapons used. Just after the Colorado shootings, for instance, TV talk-show host Rosie O'Donnell called for a constitutional amendment banning all firearms. How strange that O'Donnell didn't call instead for a boycott of Sony or its production company, Columbia Tristar—a film studio from which she has received generous paychecks and whose current offerings include *8MM*, which glamorizes the sexual murder of young women, and *The Replacement Killers*, whose hero is a hit man and which depicts dozens of gun murders. Handguns should be licensed, but that hardly excuses the convenient sanctimony of blaming the crime on the weapon, rather than on what resides in the human mind.

And, when it comes to promoting adoration of guns, Hollywood might as well be the NRA's marketing arm. An ever-increasing share of film and television depicts the firearm as something the virile must have and use, if not an outright sexual aid. Check the theater section of any newspaper, and you will find an ever-higher percentage of movie ads in which the stars are prominently holding guns. Keanu Reeves, Uma Thurman, Laurence Fishburne, Geena Davis, Woody Harrelson, and Mark Wahlberg are just a few of the hip stars who have posed with guns for movie advertising. Hollywood endlessly congratulates itself for reducing the depiction of cigarettes in movies and movie ads. Cigarettes had to go, the film industry admitted, because glamorizing them gives the wrong idea to kids. But the glamorization of firearms, which is far more dangerous, continues. Today, even female stars who otherwise consider themselves politically aware will model in sexualized poses with guns. Ads for the new movie *Goodbye Lover* show star Patricia Arquette nearly nude, with very little between her and the viewer but her handgun.

BUT DOESN'T VIDEO violence merely depict a stark reality against which the young need be warned? American society is far too violent, yet the forms of brutality highlighted in the movies and on television—prominently "thrill" killings and serial murders—are pure distortion. Nearly 99 percent of real murders result from robberies, drug deals, and domestic disputes; figures from research affiliated with the FBI's behavioral sciences division show an average of only about 30 serial or "thrill" murders nationally per year. Thirty is plenty horrifying enough, but, at this point, each of the major networks and movie studios alone depicts more "thrill" and serial murders annually than that. By endlessly exploiting the notion of the "thrill" murder, Hollywood and television present to the young an entirely imaginary image of a society in which killing for pleasure is a common event. The publishing industry, including some TNR advertisers, also distorts for profit the frequency of "thrill" murders.

The profitability of violent cinema is broadly dependent on the "down-rating" of films—movies containing extreme violence being rated only R instead of NC-17 (the new name for X)—and the lax enforcement of age restrictions regarding movies. Teens are the best market segment for Hollywood; when moviemakers claim their violent movies are not meant to appeal to teens, they are simply lying. The millionaire status of actors, directors, and studio heads—and the returns of the mutual funds that invest in movie companies—depends on not restricting teen access to theaters or film rentals. Studios in effect control the movie ratings board and endlessly lobby it not to label extreme violence with an NC-17, the only

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form of rating that is actually enforced. *Natural Born Killers*, for example, received an R following Time-Warner lobbying, despite its repeated close-up murders and one charming scene in which the stars kidnap a high school girl and argue about whether it would be more fun to kill her before or after raping her. Since its inception, the movie ratings board has put its most restrictive rating on any realistic representation of lovemaking, while sanctioning ever-more-graphic depictions of murder and torture. In economic terms, the board's pro-violence bias gives studios an incentive to present more death and mayhem, confident that ratings officials will smile with approval.

WHEN R-AND-X BATTLES were first fought, intellectual sentiment regarded the ratings system as a way of blocking the young from seeing films with political content, such as *Easy Rider*, or discouraging depictions of sexuality; ratings were perceived as the rubes' counterattack against cinematic sophistication. But, in the 1960s, murder after murder after murder was not standard cinema fare. The most controversial violent film of that era, *A Clockwork Orange*, depicted a total of one killing, which was heard but not on-camera. (*Clockwork Orange* also had genuine political content, unlike most of today's big-studio movies.) In an era of runaway screen violence, the '60s ideal that the young should be allowed to see what they want has been corrupted. In this, trends in video mirror the misuse of liberal ideals generally.

Anti-censorship battles of this century were fought on firm ground, advocating the right of films to tackle social and sexual issues (the 1930s Hays office forbid among other things cinematic mention of cohabitation) and free access to works of literature such as *Ulysses*, *Story of O*, and the original version of Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*. Struggles against censors established that suppression of film or writing is wrong.

But to say that nothing should be censored is very different from saying that everything should be shown. Today, Hollywood and television have twisted the First Amendment concept that occasional repulsive or worthless expression must be protected, so as to guarantee freedom for works of genuine political content or artistic merit, into a new standard in which constitutional freedoms are employed mainly to safeguard works that make no pretense of merit. In the new standard, the bulk of what's being protected is repulsive or worthless, with the meritorious work the rare exception.

Not only is there profit for the performers, producers, management, and shareholders of firms that glorify violence, so, too, is there profit for politicians. Many conservative or Republican politicians who denounce Hollywood eagerly accept its lucre. Bob Dole's 1995 anti-Hollywood speech was not followed up by any anti-Hollywood legislation or campaign-funds strategy. After the Colorado murders, President Clinton declared, "Parents should take this moment to ask what else they can do to shield children from violent images and experiences that warp young perceptions." But Clinton was careful to avoid criticizing Hollywood, one of the top sources of public backing and campaign contributions for him and his would-be successor, Vice President Al Gore. The president had nothing specific to propose on film violence—only that parents should try to figure out what to do.

WHEN TELEVISION PRODUCERS say it is the parents' obligation to keep children away from the tube, they reach the self-satire point of warning that their own product is unsuitable for consumption. The situation will improve somewhat beginning in 2000, by which time all new TVs must be sold with the "V chip"—supported by Clinton and Gore—which will allow parents to block violent shows. But it will be at least a decade before the majority of the nation's sets include the chip, and who knows how adept young minds will prove at defeating it? Rather than relying on a technical fix that will take many years to achieve an effect, TV producers could simply stop churning out the gratuitous violence. Television could dramatically reduce its output of scenes of killing and still depict violence in news broadcasts, documentaries, and the occasional show in which the horrible is genuinely relevant. Reduction in violence is not censorship; it is placing social responsibility before profit.

The movie industry could practice the same kind of restraint without sacrificing profitability. In this regard, the big Hollywood studios, including Disney, look craven and exploitative compared to, of all things, the porn-video industry. Repulsive material occurs in underground porn, but, in the products sold by the mainstream triple-X distributors such as Vivid Video (the MGM of the erotica business), violence is never, ever, ever depicted—because that would be irresponsible. Women and men perform every conceivable explicit act in today's mainstream porn, but what is shown is always consensual and almost sunnily friendly. Scenes of rape or sexual menace never occur, and scenes of sexual murder are an absolute taboo.

It is beyond irony that today Sony and Time-Warner eagerly market explicit depictions of women being raped, sexually assaulted, and sexually murdered, while the mainstream porn industry would never dream of doing so. But, if money is all that matters, the point here is that mainstream porn is violence-free and yet risqué and highly profitable. Surely this shows that Hollywood could voluntarily step back from the abyss of glorifying violence and still retain its edge and its income.

Following the Colorado massacre, Republican presidential candidate Gary Bauer declared to a campaign audience, "In the America I want, all of these producers and directors, they would not be able to show their faces in public" because fingers "would be pointing at them and saying, 'Shame, shame.'" The statement sent chills through anyone fearing right-wing thought-control. But Bauer's final clause is correct—Hollywood and television do need to hear the words "shame, shame." The cause of the shame should be removed voluntarily, not to stave off censorship, but because it is the responsible thing to do.

Put it this way. The day after a teenager guns down the sons and daughters of studio executives in a high school in Bel Air or Westwood, Disney and Time-Warner will stop glamorizing murder. Do we have to wait until that day? ■

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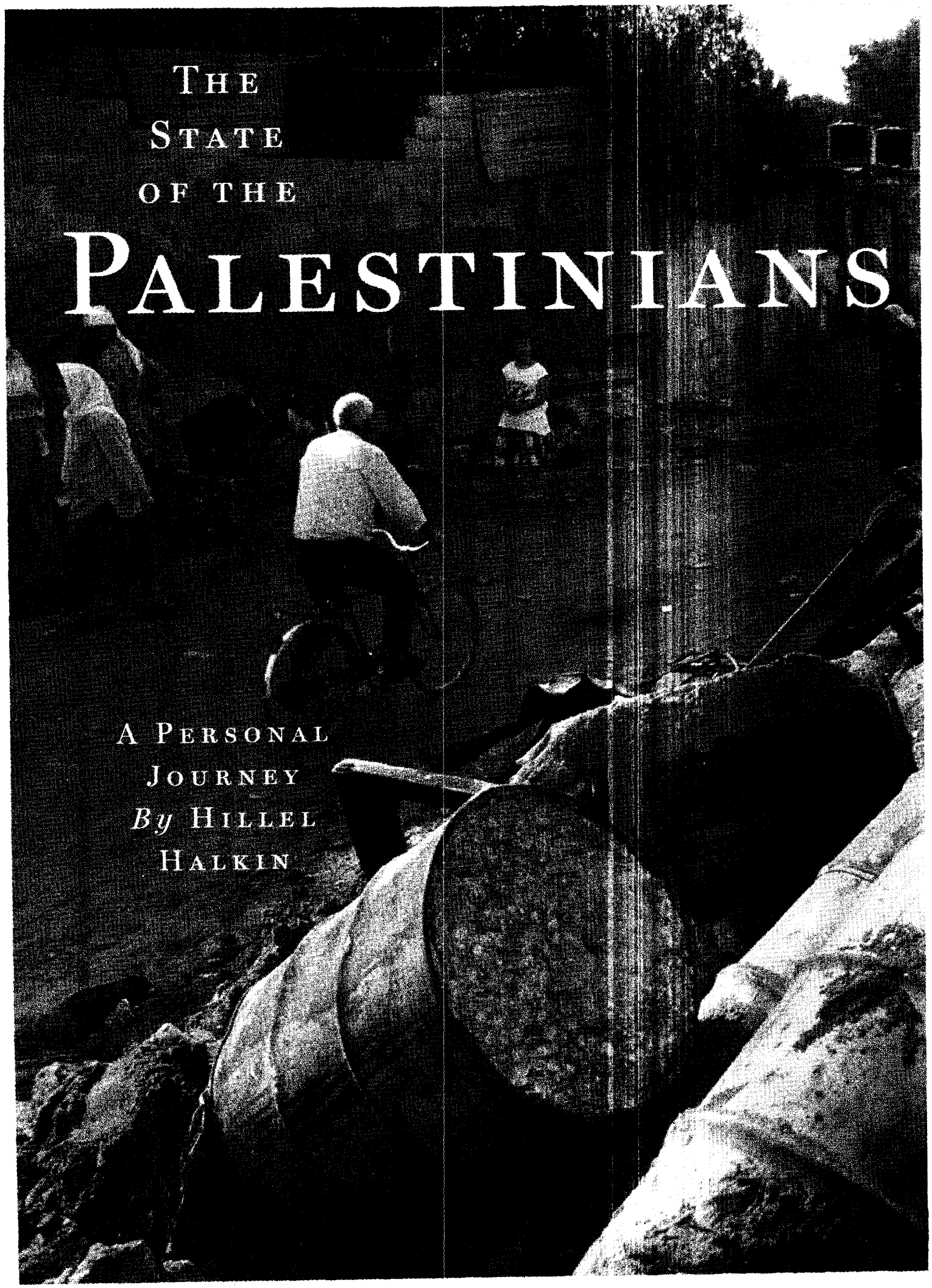

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Jabalah refugee camp, 1993

PHOTO © PAUL FUSCO/MAGNUM/PNI

Jerusalem
March 1

THE FIRST PLACE AT which Sa'id Ghazali and I stop to give out our questionnaires is the Al-Wiheda Driving School in East Jerusalem. The four men and one woman in the office check off their answers carefully. "Never!" scowls a man when he reaches the last question, which asks if he prefers to live with Israelis in a single binational state. "The Jews think of us only as their slaves."

In Abu-Raja's coffeehouse down the street, the narghile pipes catch their breaths as we enter. "*Ahlayn*!" says Sa'id to a red-haired man, slapping him on the back. The red-haired man makes a friendly reply. The narghiles let out their burbly sighs; cards slap the tables again. Several men take questionnaires. "He's head of Fatah in Jerusalem," says Sa'id of the red-haired man. (Fatah is the dominant faction within Arafat's PLO.)

We give a questionnaire to Saleh Kawasmeh in his furniture store. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this," he says. "Jews—yes. A Jewish state—no. I don't know if it will take one hundred years or two hundred, but it will disappear." A female customer asks the price of a children's desk. "If two hundred is his final offer, take it," Sa'id says to me. Saleh Kawasmeh laughs.

Sa'id is a Palestinian journalist who has joined me for a week in the West Bank and Gaza Strip, where we plan to talk to as many people as we can about the Palestinian state in the making. What do Palestinians think of it, want from it, expect it will be like? The questionnaire is Sa'id's idea. "If nothing else," he predicts, "it will break the ice."

Bernard Sabila, a professor of sociology at Bethlehem University, has done some polling of his own. Saleh Kawasmeh, he confirms, is representative; so is the reprieve he is willing to give me. Although 84 percent of Palestinians wish for "the liberation of all Palestine," 65 percent recognize "the right of Israel to exist."

A paradox? "Today's Palestinian dream is less the liberation of all Palestine than the fulfillment of middle-class aspirations," says Sabila. "In my last poll, only thirty-one percent of Palestinians thought political issues mattered more than economic ones; fifty percent thought the opposite. During the intifada, politics were everything. Now people say: 'There's a Palestinian Authority to deal with that. I need to look out for myself.' The real paradox is that, whereas two-thirds of Palestinians think of themselves as middle-class, the actual middle class is much smaller and shrinking. That's why ninety percent of Palestinians would support a declaration of independence but seventy-eight percent want closer economic ties with Israel, and sixty-six percent are against a return to violent struggle. Give them a decent standard of living, and a political solution is possible in the long run."

And in the short run? Although it now seems certain that a state will not be declared on its original target date of May 4, the declaration will come sooner or later—later if a center-left victory in the May 17 Israeli elections facilitates the

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resumption of negotiations. Yet suppose those fail, followed by a declaration of statehood in all of the West Bank and Gaza, parts of which Israel will claim. Flash points will be everywhere: control of territory, borders, roads, water rights, settlements, Jerusalem. How could the Palestinians establish their capital in Jerusalem without a forcible Israeli reaction?

"We are not planning a war," answers Jamil Othman Nasser. Nasser, the Palestinian Authority's "governor of Jerusalem," has his offices in Abu-Dis, a West Bank suburb just outside the city's borders from which the PA runs a shadow municipality. In the end, he is convinced, Israel will give in to international pressure. But international pressure, I persist, needs to be generated. Is not bloodshed the most effective way of doing this? "When the crisis worsens, the solution appears," is Nasser's Delphic reply.

In the evening, after dinner at Sa'id's East Jerusalem home, his brothers Assad, a plumber, and Jamil, a carpenter, drop by. Assad spent time in Israeli prisons during the intifada; both brothers work with Israelis; both speak an excellent Hebrew. Both are torn over the city's future. "I want to live in my own country," Assad says. "But I want it to be like yours. I want a legal system. I want health care. I won't have that in a Palestinian state."

Both brothers speak sadly of how the city's Arab neighborhoods have been neglected since 1967. Schools, sanitation, roads—all are in a wretched state. Yet East Jerusalemites still enjoy economic opportunities, physical mobility, and social services that are the envy of other Palestinians. "We're different from them," says Jamil. "The last thirty years have changed us. The West Bankers say we're like Israelis."

And if they had to choose?

"That would be hard," he says.

Ramallah
March 2

SAMIR ABDULLAH, a Prague-trained economist, has recently opened a private consulting firm in one of the many new buildings sprouting up all over this city just north of Jerusalem. He agrees with Bernard Sabila. Economics are the key—and the economic indicators are not good. As colonialist as Israel was toward the Palestinians after 1967, exploiting their cheap labor and captive market for Israeli products, conditions were far better before Oslo. Standards of living have dropped sharply since then due to the partial reestablishment of economic borders and Israel's mass replacement of Palestinians by foreign workers in the wake of Islamic terror and security closures.

Statistics? Abdullah knows them by heart. In 1991, 150,000 Palestinians, a third of the Palestinian work force, were employed in Israel, where average wages are double those on the West Bank and even higher relative to Gaza. Today the number—though it has risen again under the Netanyahu government—is 90,000. Between 1992 and 1998, the Palestinian GNP fell by 30 percent while population grew by 25 percent. Unemployment now stands at20 percent. Eighteen percent of the West Bank's and 30 percent of Gaza's population live below a poverty line calculated at two dollars per family member per day. The Palestinian territories, 90 percent of whose trade is with Israel, which now bars most of their agricultural produce, import $2.5 billion worth of Israeli goods annually and export only $300 million. Although Palestinians now pay an estimated $800 million a year in taxes, compared with a reported $250 million during Israeli times, the Palestinian Authority runs a huge deficit that is 9.6 percent of its budget. "We are totally dependent on the Israeli economy and foreign aid," says Abdullah, who would advise the PA to cut taxes and reduce a newly bloated public sector that employs 20 percent of the Palestinian labor force—"half of whom," he says, "do nothing."

But the PA in its present form is unlikely to loosen a grip on the economy that gives it a monopoly on bestowing work and patronage in a job-starved society. Economic reform means political reform. And political reform, as phrased by the always eloquent former PA minister of higher education, Hanan Ashrawi, who resigned from the Palestinian Cabinet last August to protest high-level corruption and who now heads a Ramallah-based institute for the promotion of democratic values, means "exchanging the mentality of revolution for the mentality of civil society."

LIKE MANY PALESTINIAN INTELLECTUALS, ASHRAWI believes the Palestinians have what it takes to democratize in an Arab world notoriously unable to do so. "Our baptism of fire was the intifada," she says of the years in which Palestinian resistance to Israeli rule was powered by numerous grassroots organizations uncontrolled by the PLO in Tunis. (She is less eager to acknowledge a second factor that many Palestinians, like Jamil and Assad Ghazali, speak of openly: their long exposure to an Israeli society that, at the same time that it abused and disempowered them, gave them an intimate view of a democracy's inner workings.) Like most of her peers, too, Ashrawi believes that democratization depends on the transformation of what Palestinians call "the factions" (*fasa'il*), the former Palestine resistance groups, from semiclandestine organizations run by self-appointed leaders into transparent political parties open to public participation and control.

Are there any signs of this happening? Well, Ashrawi says, there is the ex-Communist Party, now the People's Party, which has gone the furthest in this direction. (That same day in Ramallah, we speak to PP activist Mustafa Barghouti, who explains that, at a congress held last October, 7,000 Palestinians exercised their right to register and elect the party's central committee. Barghouti envisions the PP as part of a wall-to-wall "democratic coalition" that one day will challenge Arafat's Fatah and include the newly established Democratic Movement of Gaza's Haidar Abdul Shafi—shown by polls to be the most popular of all Palestinian opposition leaders—and possibly Hamas.) But Fatah, which for all practical purposes is now synonymous with the Palestinian Authority, is still run entirely from above. "I've told Arafat that," says Ashrawi. "I've given him concrete proposals for reform that he promised to act on. But he never kept his word. He has a different mind-set."

Well-known in the West, Ashrawi thinks that "people like me, who have some kind of immunity, must take the lead in criticizing." Our meeting over, however, she asks Sa'id a bit wor-

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riedly: "You're not going to publish this in Arabic, are you?"

It is a curious place, the state of Palestine in progress, free for an Arab country and far from that by the standards of the West, equipped with a full range of potentially vigorous democratic institutions that now churn in a void like an engine disconnected from its driveshaft. There is a popularly elected Palestinian Legislative Council that regularly meets in Ramallah to hold debates and pass laws that are ignored by the PA executive in Gaza. (A PLC-approved constitution called "The Basic Law," establishing a fully independent legislature and judiciary, has been sitting on Arafat's desk, neither signed nor vetoed, since October 1997.) There is a political opposition that (apart from Hamas and the Democratic Movement) is financially supported by the government it opposes. There are five different codes of law (British, Egyptian, Jordanian, Israeli, and PLO) and hardly any courts or judges to administer them. There are nine different armed security organizations, all with the power of arrest, which exist as much to neutralize and intrigue against one another as to cow the population. There is a *lider maximo* who must not be spoken ill of, although those around him can be attacked with relative impunity. There is an excruciatingly dull press that censors itself, a large number of independent and sometimes lively television stations, and masses of Palestinians who talk scathingly about everything with no apparent fear of the consequences.

In one television station, Ramallah's Wattan TV, we hear a story from the director, Omar Nazzal. When U.S. air attacks on Iraq began in December, the station was one of several shut down by police after an American diplomat complained to Arafat that too many news clips of anti-U.S. demonstrations were being shown. The next day, the president of the Palestinian Authority dispatched his minister of public works, Azzem Ahmed, to Baghdad to assure Saddam Hussein of his support. "Your president is a liar!" Saddam is reported to have stormed. "I know all about those stations he shut down." Ahmed phoned Gaza and Arafat ordered the stations reopened.

"It sounds like you have to be careful," I say.

"Look," says Omar Nazzal, "the Israelis jailed me twelve times for political activities. How afraid of a thirteenth time can I be?"

Nablus
March 3

SA'ID AND I HEAD north to Nablus along the main road running up the mountain spine of the West Bank. According to Stage Two of the Oslo agreement, the road is classified as Area C, which is administered solely by Israel, as are the red-roofed Jewish settlements in the hills on either side. Other adjacent hills with Palestinian villages are in Area A, which is exclusively the PA's, or in the jointly controlled Area B. The notion of sorting out this mishmash into two separate countries strikes the traveler as rather quixotic.

On the main street of Nablus, Sa'id and I hand out questionnaires beside a row of typists' stalls. Each typist has three machines: Arabic for the Palestinian Authority, Hebrew for Israel, English for foreign embassies. I ask how business is.

"Excellent," says a typist. "There are many more forms now."

A man holding a form approaches me. His name is Da'ud Mahmoud, and he is trying to get permission for his wife, a resident of Jordan he married three years ago, to join him. Each of his estimated 20 requests has gone to the PA, which has forwarded them all to Israel, which has sent them back with a rejection to the PA, which has returned them to Da'ud Mahmoud, who seems well past the verge of despair.

On our way to city hall for a meeting with Mayor Ghassan Shak'a, we are warned by a pedestrian not to cross against a red light. "You'd never see that happen in Jerusalem," Sa'id observes.

"Well," I say, impressed, "here it's a Palestinian red light."

Mayor Shak'a, a smoothly affable Arafat appointee, smiles with satisfaction to hear of this. It is one of many ways, he tells us, in which the city has changed for the better. Large sums have been invested in infrastructure. For the first time there is enough water and electricity.

Shak'a, Sa'id whispers to me while the mayor takes a telephone call, is close to Arafat, which makes his opinions worth listening to. One of these is: "If postponing a state will help, why not?" Another: "There will be no military confrontation. We are not preparing for that." (Indeed, although it is hard to believe that the Palestinian Authority does not have contingency plans for an armed conflict, outward signs or talk of this is nowhere in evidence.) As for democracy: "It will come with a state. There are many democratic things we cannot do before then."

Such as?

"Such as," says Shak'a, "the hundreds of Israeli collaborators whom we cannot bring to trial because of the Oslo agreement. When we have a state, we will jail them all."

"The fourth of May! The fourth of May! The fourth of May!" chants a secretary with mock exuberance as she glances at the questionnaire she is handed on our way out. She stabs the air three times with a shaky finger in mimicry of Arafat.

JABBAR AND AYUB (I'M NOT USING THEIR REAL NAMES) RUN a little hummus place where Sa'id and I go to have lunch. Jabbar is 26, Ayub two years younger. They, too, smile at my story of the red light. Jabbar says: "If you saw the fines the police give out for jaywalking, you'd know why you were warned not to cross. Look at that car being towed away." He points out the window. "Thirty or forty of those go by every day. That never happened under the Israelis. The fines go into the pockets of the *sulta*."

The *sulta* is the Authority.

Electricity? Water? "Sure. All you want. It just costs twice as much."

Ayub produces a traffic ticket for leaving an unattended pushcart on a sidewalk. "I was told to pay or go to jail for twenty days." That isn't much compared with the five years he did for the possession of hidden weapons and throwing Molotov cocktails at Israeli soldiers. "I never told the Israelis where those weapons were," he says, "even though they beat me. After my release, the *sulta* wanted them. I wouldn't hand them over, so they beat me, too."

"But why wouldn't you?"

Ayub looks at me. He is a good-looking young man with

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dreamy eyes. "While I was fighting in the intifada, they were fucking in the whorehouses of Tunis. *I* should give *them* my guns?"

"Who beat you harder?" I ask curiously.

"The *sulta*. But that wasn't the worst part. The worst.... See, the more the Israelis hit me, the higher I held my head. But when the *sulta*...." He looks down at the table.

Ayub handed over the guns. Would he have been ready to go to jail for five years had he known then what he knows now?

"Not for one day."

Jabbar says: "We brought that scum from Tunis, and it's taken everything. It's even taken away our love for our country."

Like many of their generation, the only training for life they have gotten is the intifada and Israeli prisons. Now they see no future, no opportunities. ("I could try buying a chicken grill and expanding," Jabbar says, "but what good would that do? The *sulta* would tax me for the income before I made it.") Tel Aviv is as far away as New York. During the lunchtime hour, there is only one other customer and a beggar. Yet Jabbar and Ayub are embarrassed to take payment for our food. It has to be forced on them.

KHALIL SHEKAKI IS THE BROTHER OF FAT'HI SHEKAKI, THE head of the Islamic Jihad killed by Israel in Malta in 1995. But, though he looks like a thinner version of his brother, Khalil belongs to a different world. Columbia-educated, a political scientist who directs the Research Center for Palestinian Studies in Nablus, he is part of a Palestinian intellectual elite that is oriented to the West and America. One reason, it occurs to me, that this elite is so much more optimistic about the future than the Palestinian man in the street is that, plugged by the peace process into foreign universities, foreign foundations, and foreign grant money, it is doing well.

Shekaki concedes that the distinction between the "insiders" and the "outsiders," those *min-ed-dakhel* and *min-el-harrej*, as the Palestinians call the local, intifada-forged leadership and the PLO cadres from abroad, will remain for a long time. "The two groups were socialized differently," he says. "The ones who spent their lives in the Arab world are fundamentally authoritarian." But, although it is the "outsiders" who now control the security forces and the top positions in Gaza, the "insiders" will prevail once Arafat, who almost surely suffers from Parkinson's disease, is gone. There is simply no other PLO leader who can impose his will in the same way. And, despite Israeli indifference to internal Palestinian politics, Israel itself is a positive stimulus. Shekaki's polls show that 38 percent of Palestinians believe the Palestinian Authority to be a good model of democracy; 60 to 70 percent believe it of the United States; and 75 to 80 percent believe it of Israel.

The same polls show Palestinians to be divided on the timing of a state. "This gives Arafat the leeway to postpone a declaration for as long as he can get a good political price for it." And what happens when he no longer can? "Absolutely nothing," Shekaki says. "If I know Arafat, he'll declare a state having all the historical rights in the world and no defined borders, and everything will continue as before."

An intriguing thought. No bloody clashes in Jerusalem, no attacks on Israeli settlements, no guerrilla war—just embassies flying Palestinian flags from Washington to Kinshasa and a blurry status quo of claim and counterclaim that may or may not work itself out in a long series of ad hoc agreements, point by point, hill by hill, a road here, an aquifer there, now an explosion, now a period of calm. More of the same slowly shifting, possibly self-clarifying mishmash.

"KUS UKHT ES-SULTA!" CURSES THE MIDDLE-AGE TAXI driver taking us to the house of Abdul Sittar Kassem. "The cunt of the Authority's sister!" He spits on the windshield.

His words are addressed to a friend in the front seat. "Twenty-three years teaching in the classroom, and I have to drive this cab at night," he says. There is hatred and scorn for the PA everywhere.

A professor at El-Najah University, Sittar has already declared his candidacy against Arafat in the next presidential election. The only public figure I met who did not ask to go off the record when being nasty about the president, Sittar believes that the Palestinians have been sold out twice to the West: once at Oslo by "the PBO—the Palestinian Business Organization" and once by intellectuals like Ashrawi and Shekaki, who have abandoned their Arab heritage. It is his conviction, set forth with the charming paranoia that passes for political analysis in much of the Arab world, that Arafat comes from a Jewish family and is probably a Mossad agent. And yet, Sa'id tells me, his cultural nationalism has a following in circles that are not Islamic enough to identify with Hamas.

With Sittar is a dour-faced lawyer, Abdul Karim Hamdan, who tells of an acquittal he has obtained for several men accused of murder in the village of el-Khadr near Bethlehem. The murdered man, a land dealer named Adel Abu-Sebeih, was shot during the intifada for doing business with the Israelis; after the PLO arrived, his brother sought to clear the family name by bribing Military Intelligence to frame innocent villagers of slandering and killing Adel for mercenary motives. Although the defendants confessed under torture, Hamdan proved that two of them were in Israeli jails when the crime took place. Now, though, the Authority refuses to release them. "There's nothing I can do about that," Hamdan says. "But at least the judge was honest." (In Gaza several days later, I am told by PA Cabinet Secretary Ahmed Abdurrahman, reputedly the most liberal-minded of Arafat's entourage: "Do you know what would happen if we let those men go? Abu-Sebeih's family would kill them. We're holding them for their own good.")

Most Palestinians, even if they would like to, never get to see a judge. In an ordinary civil case, as Khalil Shekaki puts it, "with a good lawyer your grandchildren may get justice." In its absence, it is a question of whom you know.

Jelazun Camp
MARCH 4

A SHORT DISTANCE from the Nablus-Ramallah highway, Jelazun is no more a "camp" than dozens of other such sites in the West Bank and Gaza, an estimated 30 percent of whose total population comes from families that fled Israeli-conquered territory in 1948. It is a rural slum, a hodgepodge of cinderblock hovels on dirt streets with open

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sewers and an occasional finer home. Nothing has changed since the Israelis left, the residents tell us. They have not even been able to get the Authority to pave the road to the highway that turns to mud in the winter rains. Before Oslo, they could at least work and travel in Israel. Now the Israelis will not even let them go to East Jerusalem for medical treatment.

Yet something *has* changed. Once the walls in places like Jelazun were covered with anti-Israel graffiti. Now the scrawlings say things like: "Confront corruption and patronage and protect democracy and human rights!"

Sa'id and I hand out questionnaires. Men gather around us. We do not ask the right questions, they complain. Why don't we want to know if they would agree to a peace that does not return them to their 1948 homes?

Would they?

No. *Abadan*. Never. One man says he would settle for compensation. He is shouted down by the others. *Abadan*!

We are invited to the office of the camp's director, Muhammed Radwan. He serves us tea and tells me I am lucky to live in Israel. "You have a government that looks after you." Arafat, says someone, will die a traitor's death. Radwan reassures us. "No, no. We will only demonstrate. We will shout. But someone else, he may shoot."

Bethlehem
March 5

ON OUR WAY TO THE office of Saleh Ta'amreh, we hand out questionnaires. Some road workers take a break to fill them out. A woman behind the counter of a photography shop says: "Come back tomorrow when my husband is here." A man stacking cans of powdered milk in a grocery answers the questions on his ladder, checking "yes" to each one. "How can that be?" asks Sa'id. "I said 'yes' to the occupation, I say 'yes' to the *sulta*, and I'm saying 'yes' to you," explains the man.

Ta'amreh is a dashing figure, a tall, commanding man in his fifties with blazing blue eyes. A Palestinian military hero (he was taken prisoner by the Israelis during the 1982 Lebanon war) married to the former Queen Dina, King Hussein's first wife, he is a scion of the large Ta'amreh Bedouin clan, whose ancestral lands lie east of Bethlehem, and he heads the Palestinian Legislative Council's committee on Israeli settlements. On the wall of his office hangs a map showing the settlements and their lands. Marked in small blue patches, they do not look terribly threatening. Ta'amreh concedes that they occupy only seven percent of West Bank territory.

"The problem is," he says, "first, that they have been expanding like crazy under the Netanyahu government and, second, the bypass roads built to connect them. All these roads will remain in Area C. The Israelis are choking us by slicing us into smaller and smaller enclaves. Come, I'll take you on a tour."

We head in Ta'amreh's car for the village of el-Khadr—the home of the murdered land dealer we heard about in Nablus. Ta'amreh points to a wadi that descends to the Judean Desert in stepped fields planted with blossoming almond and peach trees. The soil is rich and dark; the pink and white blossoms catch the light like clouds at sunset. "You won't find trees like these anywhere," Ta'amreh says. His fingers curl with nervous energy, as if he were a boy itching to climb their branches.

We turn off on a dirt road that skirts the northern edge of Efrat, a rapidly growing town of some 10,000 inhabitants, the largest Jewish settlement south of Jerusalem. A new neighborhood is being laid out on a rocky hill carved into giant terraces. It is a hill I was on four years ago, covering a rowdy demonstration. The demonstrators were settlers protesting the Rabin government's refusal to let them build there.

THE HOUSES OF EL-KHADR APPEAR. AT THEIR FOOT IS A smashed stone wall. Water is spurting onto the stones from a broken pipe. Up ahead is a power shovel, its great beak pecking at the rock. Uprooted grapevines lie in a field. "God! Yes! They've started again!" exclaims Ta'amreh, telling the driver to stop.

The power shovel, it seems, has resumed work, suspended because of Palestinian and American objections, on widening the road—which, paved, will link Efrat to Tikva, a new settlement at the desert's edge. "You!" says Ta'amreh to some villagers who are watching the water run from the pipe. "Why don't you burn that goddamn machine?" He seems to be deliberating tearing it apart with his own hands.

The villagers say nothing. Ta'amreh reaches for his mobile phone. I walk over to the Israeli shovel operator, who has climbed out to see what is happening. "This is injustice!" Ta'amreh is shouting to the American consulate in Jerusalem. "The Netanyahu government is destroying not just the land but the peace!" The shovel operator is annoyed. "What is he yelling about?" he asks. "The road will serve Arab villages, too. I voted Labor. Don't blame Netanyahu on me."

A man in a sweater comes up to me. His name is Omar Salah. If I am a journalist, perhaps I can help. That unfinished house over there, a hundred meters away: he has built it for his family of a wife and eight children. Now the Israelis have made him stop because it is too close to the road. He shows me an injunction in Hebrew.

Ta'amreh finishes phoning a Bethlehem television station. He is in a state of high fury. "This whole peace is a deception!" he declares. "And I am part of it! I have failed to protect a single one of these people's rights! I am calling Arafat and resigning! You are putting us in a cage! Why don't you just bring gas chambers?"

He does not call Arafat. We wait by the side of the road. An Israeli cement mixer lumbers by, and Ta'amreh curses it. I ask if he would agree to the settlements remaining as part of Palestinian territory.

"If the settlers accept Palestinian law and live as Palestinian citizens," he says. He clearly does not believe this will happen.

"But why not as Israeli citizens? They could still live under your law. You would only have to give them equal treatment."

"I'm afraid we would give them a lot better." But this is said with a grin. He is calming down.

Eventually, a consular representative and a TV crew arrive, and Ta'amreh does his thing for each. The power shovel resumes work. We head back. He talks about his Bethlehem childhood, the seasons, the fruits of the year. An image he has

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used reminds him of "the most terrible sight of my life": his father, a British Mandate employee, standing in a British punishment cage. And the most beautiful? "That hill on your left—my uncle had a vineyard on it. It was my aunt coming down at the end of a summer's day with a basket full of grapes on her head."

Gaza
March 6 & 7

THE HOUR'S DRIVE through Israel from the West Bank to Gaza passes from the Second World to the Third via the First. Yet the Third World is getting a skyline: high-rise apartment buildings and fancy new villas are growing out of the sands. One villa belongs to "Abu-Mazin," Mahmoud Abbas, the PLO leader considered Arafat's most likely successor. "He built himself another in Ramallah," says our driver, a stocky, blond, young man I'll call Nadim, whom we have hired because Sa'id's Israeli license plates are not valid here. "Damn the day they came to Gaza!" he swears as we pass the elaborate affair of towers and turrets. "If the Israelis came back tomorrow, I wouldn't throw a stone."

"And the day after?"

"I swear. There's no fight left in us. We had a dream. It's gone."

Nadim is relatively well-off because he owns a new car, bought by selling his wife's and his own family's gold jewelry; now the mainstay of both families, he drives it 20 hours a day, sleeping in it when he can. All he hears from his passengers, he says, are woes: taxes that can't be paid, disputes that can't be settled, illnesses they can't afford to treat. Fortunately, he has an uncle, a colonel in Military Intelligence, who, as he puts it, "lives off the people's blood" and is good to know. Not long ago, when Nadim got into a fight with a member of the Preventive Security Force and was summoned for interrogation, he went to his uncle, who tore up the summons, phoned Preventive Security, and said, "Keep your hands off my nephew."

It is pointless to ask Mohammed Hamze, the Preventive Security Force's "director of research" to whose office Nadim has driven us, to comment on the rivalry among the security organizations—which also number the old Fatah commando unit Force 17; the police; the National Guard; regular intelligence; the Presidential Guard; the Marines; and the Rapid Intervention Force, all of whose uniforms can be seen in profusion on Gaza's streets. Nor do I ask about rumors of different organizations backing different successors to Arafat.

In general, Hamze says, the PA is in a bind. If it fails to act aggressively toward organizations like Hamas, it is blamed for being lax on terror, and, if it cracks down, it is charged with violating human rights. Still, it has managed to dismantle Hamas's terrorist infrastructure and prevent numerous attacks on Israelis; a recent sweep of Hamas houses turned up large amounts of arms. In the course of it, Ra'id Attar, a Hamas activist subsequently tried and sentenced to death, killed a Palestinian policeman. Now, explains Hamze (who declares that the PA's greatest wish is to turn Hamas into a purely political party), the Authority is being criticized for arresting the editors of the newspaper *Al-Risala*, the organ of the National Islamic Salvation Party, for publishing inflammatory reports of Attar's innocence. "But our policy is clear," he says. "Anyone inciting terrorism will be jailed."

THE NEXT DAY WE TALK TO YAHYEH MUSA, SECRETARY-general of the Salvation Party and one of the eleven editors arrested. The paper's only crime, he says, was calling for a civil rather than a military trial for Attar, so that evidence could be introduced in his favor. I also speak with Ismail Abu-Shinab, an engineer and Hamas intellectual whose house was recently raided. "Whenever the Israelis searched my home," he says, "they rang the bell and behaved decently. These men entered from the roof and made a shambles. My wife said to me: 'During the occupation, I told the children it was the Zionists. What shall I tell them now?'"

The Salvation Party, founded in Gaza by Hamas breakaways who chose the political route urged by the PA, has only 4,000 members; this is a tiny fraction of the estimated 20 percent of Palestinians (higher in Gaza and among the young) who support Hamas, in which a fierce debate is said to be taking place over whether to follow the Salvation Party's example. Indeed, not the least of the dilemmas facing Palestinians today is that the only organized mass opposition to Fatah comes from Islamic fundamentalists whose commitment to democracy is dubious. Although men like Abu-Shinab and Yahyeh Musa pay lip service to democratic values, dismissing the suggestion that they wish to establish an Islamic dictatorship, they clearly have internalized these values no more than has the leadership of the PLO. The Islamic movement, they protest, does not want an Iran or an Algeria in Palestine. What does it want? Both agree on ... Sudan. (Bizarrely enough, I have heard the Sudanese held up as a democratic model by other Islamic supporters as well.) Hamas is the potential tiger that the genuinely democratic forces in Palestinian life must think carefully about trying to ride.

Democracy! All the Palestinians talk about it. But what does it mean to them? "Let's ask Nadim," I say to Sa'id.

"Democracy?" muses our driver. "That's the right to say what I want."

"Suppose I want to say that the Prophet is a liar?"

He mulls that over. "That would be all right if you were a Christian."

"And if I were a Muslim?"

"No, it wouldn't be." A few moments later, he reverses himself. "Well ... that isn't *my* opinion, but if it's yours ... I suppose you should be allowed to say it." He weaves the car between a donkey cart and a bicycle. "I'll tell you what else democracy is. It's being able to hold hands with my wife in the streets of Gaza." Another bicycle. "But not my unmarried sister. I wouldn't want her doing that."

"What if she did?"

"I'd beat her up."

"And if she went to the police? What should they do?"

This time the answer is longer in coming. You can almost hear the wheels spin. Then, grudgingly: "They should put me in jail. But when I get out, I'll never talk to her."

Not bad for someone who has never studied political science at Columbia. "I think," says Nadim when asked to pull over so that we can hand out our questionnaires, "that you

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had better get permission from the Authority. Gaza isn't the West Bank. You could get into trouble here."

He drives us to the Government Information Office, where we are taken to its director, Huda Hamudeh. She studies the questionnaire while we sip coffee. "I'm sorry," she pronounces. "This is not professional. It does not say who you are working for. That could be anyone."

"Whoever wants to know," I say, "need only ask."

"Yes," says Huda Hamudeh. "But, if it's the security forces, the questions may be unpleasant. I don't want you being under suspicion."

"We won't be if you give us a permit."

"How can I give you a permit to deceive?"

And so we do without Gaza. In the end, we obtain 141 completed questionnaires, the results of which appear on this page. It's not a scientifically acceptable sample, but surely it's significant. And problematic, too, for, not only does this slice of the Palestinian public's attitudes toward a peace settlement fall well short of minimal Israeli demands, they are more hard-line than the apparent position of the PLO leadership. Where, then, do Israel's interests lie: with a corrupt and autocratic PLO that can perhaps collect the guns and deliver a peace of sorts, or with the democratization and economic development of a society that might eventually, alone in the Arab world, share a bond of common values with Israelis? It is not a simple question. Still, there is something distasteful in an Israeli "peace camp" that, like its American counterpart after the fall of Vietnam, has washed its hands of a people by consigning them to a thuggish clique of "liberators." What bothered many Israelis, it would appear, was less oppressed Palestinians than an oppressive Jewish conscience that has now been relieved of its burden.

	YES	NO
Have sufficient preparations for a state been made?	65%	35%
Are you in favor of declaring it on May 4?	67%	33%
Would you postpone this declaration for the sake of negotiations with Israel?	30%	70%
Would you want a state even if it did not include all of the West Bank and Gaza?	42%	58%
Would you want a state even if it did not include Arab Jerusalem?	13%	87%
Would you want a state even if Israeli settlements remained in it?	31%	69%
Would you want a state even if there were limits on the right of Palestinian refugees to return to it?	9%	91%
Would you want a state even if it had no army?	19%	81%
Would you want a state even if it were not democratic?	16%	84%
Which would you prefer?		
A totally independent Palestinian state	54%	
A Palestinian-Jordanian confederation	32%	
A Palestinian-Israeli confederation	7%	
A single binational state for Arabs and Jews	7%	

EYAD SARRAJ, A WELL-KNOWN PSYCHIATRIST AND HUMAN rights activist, is involved in Haidar Abdul Shafi's Democratic Movement. Sitting in the garden of his Gaza home in a gym suit, he sketches three scenarios for the future.

The first is "the Syrian scenario." Arafat dies or retires; after the prescribed two-month period in which the temporary presidency of the PA goes to "Abu-Ala," Palestinian Legislative Council Speaker Ahmed Qurei, Abu-Mazin, supported by the bulk of the security forces, cancels or rigs presidential elections and institutes an Arab-style police state to suppress popular resistance to the move. "I give that a thirty to thirty-five percent probability," says Sarraj.

Scenario Two is the "Algerian" one. While giving it only ten to 15 percent, Sarraj thinks it could materialize as early as this year, when municipal elections are scheduled. "Hamas may decide to participate and do surprisingly well, and the Authority might nullify the results. This could lead to a popular uprising and civil war not only between the PA and a democratic coalition rallying around Hamas, but among different security forces as well."

Scenario Three: Arafat departs the scene, presidential elections take place, a fairly elected candidate wins, "The Basic Law" is signed into existence, and Palestine is on its way to becoming a Western-style democracy. "Fifty percent," Sarraj says.

Westernization, a process no Arab people has undergone internally, is what it is all about, he believes. "We are still a tribal society with a sheikh named Arafat," he says. "We don't have a fully developed sense of individuality." Tearing traumatically away from the smothering cocoon of the Arab world is not something that can be done overnight. But, if any Arab people is capable of it, Sarraj thinks, it is the Palestinians—if they can mobilize themselves. "Deep down we know we have rights. This gives us a strong sense of injustice. Until now we could live with it because the enemy was Israel. But now the enemy is us. Fighting it means killing something in ourselves. It is this knowledge that is paralyzing our society, paralyzing our political life."

Nadim drives us to the Erez checkpoint. He is silent on the way. ■

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Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Matters of Control

NOT EVERY STUPID FILM sets out to be that way. But a furious zeal to entertain, especially to find twists, can push filmmakers past credibility, past twist, even past social decency. A dreadful example is **Pushing Tin** (20th Century Fox).

The story deals with air traffic controllers, and it starts out as one more instance in which a profession or vocation is used as décor for a patently carpentered plot. We know, from our long experience of such films, that—as was true of pictures about oil-well drillers or truck drivers or doctors—every detail of the environment will be accurate and most of the plot will be spurious. *Pushing Tin* (the trade phrase for air control work) begins so tritely that it's almost reassuring. Here is the hero (John Cusack), a virtuoso at his job in a facility that directs air traffic for the New York area, married to an attractive wife (Cate Blanchett). Joining the staff at the airport is a strong, silent controller (Billy Bob Thornton), so taciturn that we know he has a secret, and we soon learn that he has a voluptuous, "dangerous" wife (Angelina Jolie). The parts for Robert Taylor, June Allison, Spencer Tracy, and Jean Harlow are all in place—spiced up with sexy modernities. But, though the sex stuff is up-to-date, the screenplay by Glen and Les Charles disregards modern standards of credibility.

Hollywood's past is immersed in unbelievable plots, allowing for blessed exceptions, but most of them occurred in films that were dubious in other ways as well—mechanical acting, assembly-line directing, Music Department's music. Nestled within those clunky elements, the plot seemed to fit, and all was well—well enough for what we expected. But filmmaking as such has improved in all regards except, again allowing for exceptions, in plotting. Now those carpentered plots look strange when they are embedded in sophisticated filmmaking.

In *Pushing Tin* it's worse. The subject here has been much discussed in recent years. The press has told us a lot about obsolescent traffic-control equipment and insufficient manpower. Though millions of passenger miles are flown every year and the accident rate is low, the apprehension rate is not. To take off and land at a busy airport, we've been led to believe, is a kind of bet. The odds are strongly in our favor, but that seems to be about the most confident statement that can be made. And here we have a film about traffic controllers in which Cusack, at one point, is a passenger, and becomes convinced that Thornton, on duty down below, is trying to wreck this plane full of people—for personal vengeance on him. Cusack tries to break into the cockpit to warn the captain and has to be physically restrained. Is it sensible to put such a possibility as Thornton's presumed revenge in our minds? And in actuality wouldn't Cusack's behavior result in his arrest and, at the very least, psychiatric examination? Plus dismissal from his job? Not in 1939, perhaps, but in 1999? None of this happens.

And when a love song is wafted from the air control center to a plane in flight, with the captain admitting the recipient into the cockpit, don't we again have a right to wonder in what year the film was made? More gravely, as with some of the films about hospitals in recent years, aren't we entitled to feel an almost vicious disregard for the public's confidence?

As for the tensions and disputes among the control personnel, since they are human beings, these matters are probably as accurate as the technical lingo. (Two experienced controllers were advisers on the film. I wonder what they had to say about the points I've cited.) The cast does its duty by the standard-issue characters, excepting Thornton. He has the requisite voice and face, but he doesn't have the physical heft—I don't mean sheer weight—that a man of menace and mystery could use. The director was Mike Newell, who gave robustness to *Donnie Brasco* and lightness to *Four Weddings and a Funeral* but who gives only routine competence to *Pushing Tin*.

Projections 9, published by Faber and Faber, arrives. This journal, almost always written by filmmakers, has almost always been edited by John Boorman and Walter Donahue, but they have turned over No. 9 to Michel Ciment and Noel Herpe, who are on the editorial board of *Positif*, the long-established French film magazine. The French editors were invited to select interviews with French directors that *Positif* has published in the last twenty years to give Anglophone readers a fuller view of film activity in their country. (Not all of these directors have been well represented abroad.) Ciment and Herpe have, helpfully, chosen interviews related to a lately completed film by each of the twenty-one directors. Translations were done by Pierre Hodgson.

The directors range in age from Eric Rohmer (who had just finished *Conte d'Été*) and Claude Chabrol (*La Cérémonie*) to such younger people as Jacques Audiard (*Un Héros très discret*) and Mathieu Kassowitz (*La Haine*). Consequently, differences in outlook and intent are inevitable. A few constants run throughout—some contradictions within interviews, some of what can only be called gab. But also scattered throughout are some nuggets. Bertrand Tavernier: "My last three films [he is speaking in 1984] have a great deal in common ... in the way the camera moves.... I see camerawork as melodic rather than strategic." The remark helps to explain why Tavernier's films seem to flow, rather than to struggle for startling shots. Alain Cavalier, director of the unearthly *Thérèse*, when asked if he had rehearsed a lot: "Just the opposite. We didn't even have readings. A film is a secret between the actor and the process. You just have to check how the actor takes possession of the film, and what he has to offer it. It's all about focus. Total concentration." This, a far remove from the theater, sounds much like Robert Bresson's views on film acting.

Bresson is present. This procession of directors is headed—how otherwise?—by an interview with him, the oldest of the group, born 1901, who in 1983 had just finished his final film, *L'Argent*. Bresson's remarks proceed from the same stratosphere as does his invaluable little book *Notes on Cinematography*. He is hardly ignorant of the facts of the film world, including finances, but those facts seem to have had much the same relation to his work as his bodily functions. Without them, he couldn't live, but he doesn't quite see them as his reason for living.

His aesthetics are clear. The interviewer (Ciment) says that people always refer to asceticism in Bresson's work, "but what strikes me is the vigor." Bresson replies: "Vigor comes from precision. Precision is vigorous. When I am working poorly, I am imprecise. Precision is

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another form of poetry." On the subject of sound: "I was slow to realize that sound defines space on film. A voice treated like a sound effect seems to give the screen an extra dimension. People who experimented with 3-D cinema were barking up the wrong tree. The third dimension is sound."

Strength to *Projections*. It's the most rewarding film journal that I know. ■

The Oracle

By FREDERICK BROWN

André Gide: A Life in the Present by Alan Sheridan

(Harvard University Press, 709 pp., $35)

FOR PEOPLE old enough to remember when *The Counterfeiters* and *The Immoralist* occupied every cultivated reader's syllabus, and expressions such as "the gratuitous act" (from *Lafcadio's Adventures*) served as shibboleths of literary sophistication, almost nothing about André Gide may seem more remarkable than the eclipse that he has suffered during the past half-century. In 1951, the year he died at the age of eighty-one, he was still France's sovereign man of letters, a Nobel laureate whose praise and censure swayed public opinion. Nowadays the once-famous diary, or *Journal*, which propagated Gide's judgments on either side of the Atlantic, goes largely unread. To be sure, a new and elaborately annotated edition came out several years ago in the Pléiade Library; but piety rather than widespread interest may have dictated this revival. The publishing house keeps faith with its founding fathers, and especially with the one most responsible for convincing Gaston Gallimard, in 1933, to bring out classic texts on bible paper.

Posterity's harsh assessment of Gide was heralded as early as 1958 by Edmund Wilson in an essay called "'Miss Buttle' and 'Mr. Eliot.'" Certain people not especially wise or endowed with prophetic insight have a natural vocation for being oracles, he wrote. "André Gide, who—unlike Shaw and Eliot—had nothing of the public performer, was an enormous success as an oracle, and yet he had little of importance to say. [Like them], he could command attention by sending to press his least gleam of thought, his feeblest imagination, and seemed to have the whole literary world in France hanging on the successive installments of his rather dry and trivial diary. It is all in the timing, the presence, the silences, the timbre of voice."

By this estimate, the biographer who hoped to take Gide's measure would have to succeed in analyzing the style of a master illusionist and the theatrical resources of a great actor. By any estimate, he would have to grasp as slithery a tangle as the Laocoön. "Elusive," "secretive," and "sly" are epithets repeatedly used by Gide's contemporaries. "Wherever he is, he seems to be just passing through," observed the novelist Roger Martin du Gard, who knew Gide better than most but still, after almost forty years of friendship, often found him mystifying.

His life and his personality were fraught with conflict. Born to wealth, Gide had what Martin du Gard called "a genius for discomfort." Nurtured on Calvinist rectitude, he embraced Nietzschean transgressiveness. Every bit the fin-de-siècle aesthete in his cape, fedora, and lavallière, he regularly abandoned this fastidious persona to seek pleasure with young boys in North Africa. Fearful of exposure, he served up his private ruminations for public consumption, though more often to create a mirage of nakedness than to lay himself truly bare. Spurning politics until middle age, he startled intellectuals of the 1930s first by applauding Communism and touring the Soviet Union under Stalin's aegis, then by castigating what he had seen there. Gide himself may have gone to the heart of his doubleness when

FREDERICK BROWN is the author, most recently, of *Zola: A Life* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).

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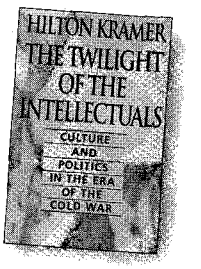
HILTON KRAMER

The Twilight of the Intellectuals



In these provocative and engaging writings, Mr. Kramer explores in effect the intellectual history of the cold war and its divisive impact on our politics and culture. "The cold war was a war, and Kramer is scarred, but few fought it with more honor, consistency, and moral passion." —Kirkus Reviews.*

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he described himself in his fifty-eighth year as a "playful boy shackled to a Protestant pastor who bores him stiff."

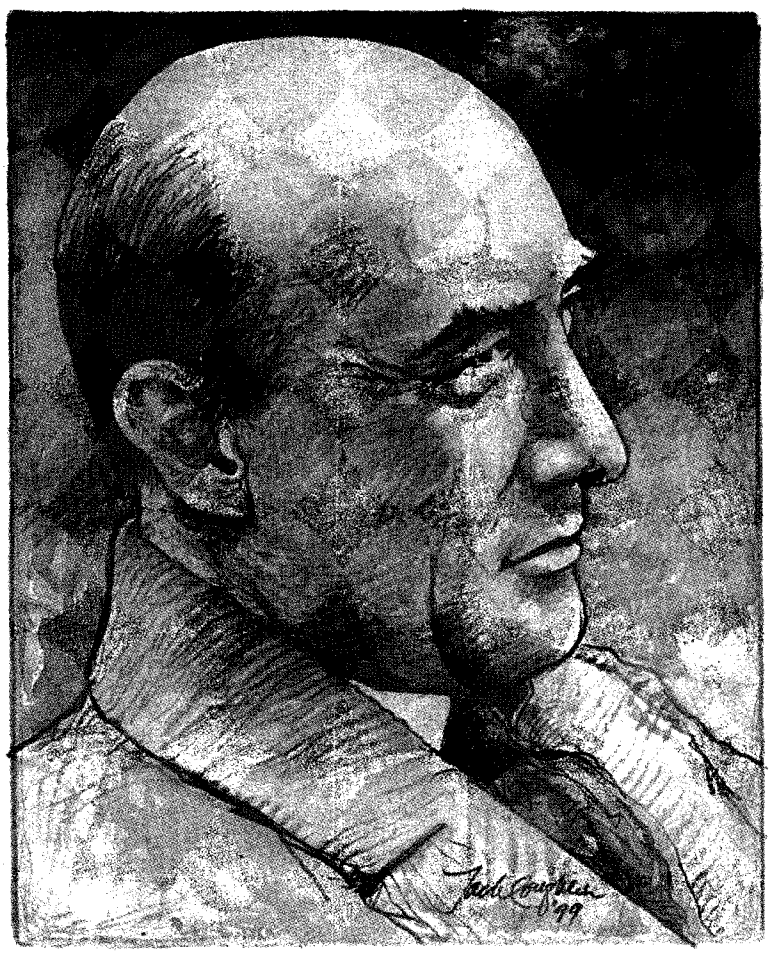
Alan Sheridan undertook to write this life, which far surpasses earlier biographies, at a propitious moment. Always on the move, Gide hardly let a day pass without dispatching letters from here or there, and during the past two decades reams of his correspondence have been published. Recently published as well have been the diaries of important witnesses. And certainly the time was ripe to demonstrate Gide's intellectual legacy: to show how, in a career that bridged two centuries, the ground was laid for the subversive strategies of the *nouveau roman* and for the all-out war waged by ideologues such as Sartre and Foucault against "patriarchal" institutions, above all the family.

Portraying himself rather as Thomas Mann portrayed Tönio Kroger, Gide attributed his conflicted nature to a family that came on his father's side from Languedoc and on his mother's from Normandy. Sheridan explains, however, that South versus North accounted for less in Paul Gide's marriage to Juliette Rondeaux than their common religion. The son of a Huguenot magistrate, Paul studied law at the University of Aix and demonstrated such brilliance that eventually, when not yet thirty, he was appointed professor of Roman Law at the Faculté de Droit in Paris. (His brother Charles would teach law in Montpellier and achieve fame as a political economist.) Juliette entered Paul's life through the benevolent matchmaking of a Protestant minister. She brought with her a considerable fortune, derived in large part from the manufacture of calico. The Rondeaux family occupied a prominent position in Rouen, where Juliette, despite her plainness and her severity, had not wanted for suitors. Among the witnesses at the civil ceremony that united her to Paul Gide in 1863 was Gustave Flaubert's older brother Achille, chief surgeon at the Hôtel Dieu.

Normandy would figure far more centrally in family affairs than Languedoc. Near Pont-l'Evêque, Juliette owned hundreds of acres of farmland surrounding a manor house in which the Gides spent summers; and to Rouen they repaired at Christmastime for devotional reunions with the numerous Rondeaux clan. Easter saw them travel several hundred miles south to Paul's home town of Uzès, where André, who had the boon companionship of his female cousins up north, found only a deaf grandmother and a bearish uncle.

But Gide's native landscape was Paris, and particularly the neighborhood of the Jardin du Luxembourg, to which he remained tethered all his life. Born almost seven years after his parents' marriage, he grew up, their only child, in a world whose cardinal points were the Luxembourg Palace, which presided over the street on which he lived and the garden in which he played; the Faculté de Droit; and a Protestant school on the rue d'Assas called the École Alsacienne, which he attended at irregular intervals. That world did not suffer fun gladly. What little there was of it, by Gide's own account (in *If It Die...*), came from his father, who tempered as best he could Juliette's pious solicitude. With his father he took long summer walks, enjoying the music of outdoor *cafés-concerts*. And in his father's study, a room "I entered as if it were a temple," where Greek, Latin, and French classics lined the walls, he was offered fabulous tales. Mother had him listen to the Book of Job; father chose Molière, *The Odyssey*, *The Arabian Nights*.

Disaster befell André in 1880, when Paul Gide, whom his colleagues nicknamed "*vir probus*" for his stalwart character, died of tuberculosis. Without his paternal intercessor, the shy eleven-year-old found himself hedged about by a woman sworn to enforce an ideal of moral perfection. Had André ended up repeating Rousseau's boast that he would walk in public unembarrassed even if his skull were glass and his thoughts transparent, Juliette would have considered her guardianship successful. Or so one gathers from Gide's absorbing memoirs, on which Sheridan relies for his own narrative. "Obedience was sometimes a subject of discussion [at home], my mother being of the opinion that children must submit without seeking to understand, my father maintaining a tendency to explain everything. I remember very clearly how my mother, who compared the child I was to the Hebrew people, protested that before living in grace it was well to have lived under the law."



André Gide by Jack Coughlin for The New Republic

When Juliette played four-handed reductions of classical symphonies with André's piano teacher, she counted time like a drillmaster, and this metronomic dispensation was imposed upon her son, whom she forbade to study "unhealthy" music—music that aroused too much feeling, especially Chopin. When at sixteen, after constant pleading, André finally gained admittance to Paul Gide's library, which Juliette preserved as a locked sanctuary, it was with the proviso that he read any book found there only out loud and in her presence. Such provisos governed his young life. By 1889 he had spent one week of his first twenty years apart from her (in London, under a pastor's supervision). That summer, mother and son, who quarreled, negotiated an arrangement whereby André would tramp alone through Brittany, as he wished, and Juliette, following at a distance, would periodically rendezvous with him.

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Every day was mother's day. Not a day passed that he did not seek "moral sustenance" from Scripture, he wrote. But, remarkably, the will to enjoy something like autonomous selfhood fought free and created asylums for private thought and feeling. One of these was sickness, into which Gide fled with a repertoire of feigned or half-feigned symptoms. It began after some real malady, when, dreading the return to his regimented existence, he suffered dizzy spells. "Supposing the dizziness were more pronounced, I thought; can I imagine what would happen? Why yes: I would feel my head float away, my knees sag ... my whole body suddenly keel backward.... And while imagining it, I was already savoring the ease, the relief that this surrender to the invitation of my nerves would afford me."

Emboldened by success, he became an inspired fraud. "I attempted other poses, gesturing spastically or dancing in drawn-out, repeated, rhythmic movements." The fact that these histrionics followed hard upon Paul Gide's death speaks of his predicament. It was as if a frail persona had replaced the lenient father who once stood between him and Juliette. André could be himself only by impersonating someone else in a filial masquerade. Theater gave him what he liked to call *épaisseur*—pithiness, or opacity. This was not without perverse consequences for the guilt-ridden son compelled to examine his conscience every night. "I may be an actor, but it's myself I play," he later wrote.

The captive shut out of his inner world fashioned keys to it, opportunistically, from materials at hand. If illness served, so did religion; and at sixteen, about the time of his First Communion, Gide experienced spiritual raptures that in Sheridan's words "would have been interpreted as a vocation to the priesthood" had he been Catholic. His memoirs describe a "seraphic state." Monk-like he rose at dawn, took ice-cold baths, read verses of Scripture, and prayed. "My prayer was like a perceptible movement of the soul towards a deeper penetration into the intimacy of God," he wrote. "Out of self-mortification I slept on bare boards; in the middle of the night I got up and knelt down again, not so much out of self-mortification as impatience for joy! I felt then that I had reached the highest point of happiness."

Amplified by a growing passion for music, Gide's religious fervor chimed with feelings that he had developed for a Rouen cousin two years older than himself named Madeleine Rondeaux. A quiet, reflective young woman who gave the impression of being pledged to sorrow even before her adulterous mother deserted the family, she was constantly in his thoughts. Dubbing her his "mystic east," he looked upon her throughout adolescence as the fount of everything good in him, as an angelic waif whom he was bound by his deepest impulses to protect "against fear, against evil, against life." Those impulses did not move him to embrace her. Indeed, the prospect of carnal love horrified him. All the same, his mind was set early, in the face of Madame Gide's stout opposition, on marrying Madeleine.

Not until he had almost turned twenty-four, and only outside France, could Gide fully acknowledge his sexual predilection for adolescent boys. The awakening took place in that Cythera of fin-de-siècle European pederasts which was North Africa. Enticed by an Arab boy, Gide lost his virginity between two dunes at Sousse while touring Tunisia with an artist friend named Paul Laurens. This isolated, adventitious pleasure became something much more the following year, during a jaunt through Algeria, when, as he put it, "I found my normality."

In one of those picaresque conjunctions that sometimes make literary history resemble a literary conceit, his sponsor turned out to be Oscar Wilde, who had fetched up at Blida with Lord Alfred Douglas just as Gide was preparing to leave. The three made the rounds of Blida's cafés and reunited several days later in Algiers, where Wilde, after offering Gide a boy who had been "Bosie's" catamite, placed at his disposal a suite of hotel rooms that he rented near the docks. What followed was an erotic revelation, evoked in self-congratulatory detail, from which there was never again to be any drawing back. "Nothing constrained, rushed, doubtful; nothing ashen in the memory I retain of it. My joy was unbounded and I cannot imagine it greater if love had been an ingredient."

Before his first African passage, Gide debated with himself whether to pack a bible, and ultimately he did so. The second time around his *vade mecum* was Goethe. But Scripture followed him all over in the form of letters from mother addressing every particular of his material, moral, and physical well-being. He in turn railed against her meddlesomeness, invited it, shared his thoughts about literature, and reported—not just dutifully—as much as he dared of his daily movements, at once confiding in her and giving her the slip.

Did it alarm Juliette to learn that André had befriended the notorious Wilde, whose trial would take place later that year? Even as he hinted at the unthinkable, he assuaged her—himself as well, no doubt—with reflections that might have come from the mouth of Wilde's future prosecutor. (Wilde was "the most dangerous product of modern civilization" and Douglas, his creature, a "depraved madcap" capable of "doing anything under cover of aestheticism.") One understands why Jesus's parable of the Prodigal Son so haunted Gide. That mischievous boy "shackled to a Protestant pastor who bores him stiff" was also the *enfant prodige* tied umbilically to a Protestant mother whose undivided attention, however infuriating, made his errancy purposeful.

When Juliette died of a cerebral hemorrhage in 1895 at the age of sixty, Gide, suddenly cast adrift, replaced her right away with Madeleine Rondeaux in a marriage that was never to be consummated and never to be dissolved. "At times, Gide's identification of Madeleine with his mother verged on the hallucinatory," notes Sheridan, who also notes that they were joined by the same pastor who had married Gide's parents thirty-two years earlier. "Three months into their marriage, he writes in his journal: 'How often when Madeleine is in the next room, I *forget* she is not my mother!' It lasted all their lives...." The large, beautiful country house that Madeleine inherited at Cuverville became the nunnery to which she might have committed herself by way of cleansing her own mother's sin, had Protestantism made such provisions for devout women with a deep-seated aversion to physical intimacy.

At first the couple rarely separated, as Gide led his wife hither and yon in a whirl of house-hopping and touring and writing. Out of it came, among other brief works, two—*Fruits of the Earth* and *The Immoralist*—that opposed an ideal of Dionysian license to society's parochial strictures. We know from a memoir written many years later how compulsively Gide practiced what he preached. While Madeleine, a proper masochist who visited her father's conjugal fate upon herself, kept up appearances, fending off truths that were soon to become common knowledge in Parisian literary circles until fending them off proved excessively difficult, Gide did a great deal of surreptitious philandering. Wherever he went, he prowled, and there were numerous escapades: with Arabs in Algeria, with young male prostitutes in Rome, with a fourteen-year-old on the train to Weimar, with working-class boys at a Turkish bath on the rue Rochechouart in Paris.

Worn out as much by the half-

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understood conundrum that pervaded family life as by the endless peregrinations inflicted on her, Madeleine regularly succumbed to one ailment or another. Eventually, after ten years, the marriage evolved into a quasi-epistolary relationship. Although they had built a large house near the Bois de Boulogne, Madeleine seldom left Normandy, where, living more and more reclusively, she turned to religion for comfort. Gide, who noted that Cuverville, like his mother's flat, always smelled of wax and turpentine, preferred to engage her from afar, through letters.

In Paris he led a gregarious existence. Having once attended Mallarmé's "Tuesdays," the future oracle now had a circle of his own. Young writers flush with enthusiasm for works that challenged them to disencumber themselves of bourgeois virtue gathered around him, and with several he founded, in 1908, a literary review called *La Nouvelle Revue Française*. The uncompromising tenor of their rhetoric led unsympathetic confrères to stigmatize them as "Protestant." And protest they did, for in their view France was awash in mediocrity. Commercialism, religious bigotry unleashed during the Dreyfus Affair, political cant were evils that held literature in thrall, and they, the *NRF*, resolved to free it by setting an example of critical stringency.

With no particular creed except the belief that fellow artists would benefit from foreign influence, they embraced not only Europe but a France that the xenophobic trustees of French culture had seen fit to disown. "France, withered and prudish, curious about itself and itself alone, stooped over its past as over a wizard's book of charms, intent on examining itself from one perspective, on deforming its historical glory": this was how Gide upbraided those right-wing nationalists—especially Maurice Barrès, author of a widely read novel about several adolescents from Lorraine misled by a Kantian preceptor—in whose vocabulary terms like "deracination" spelled decadence. "It is noteworthy that our greatest artists have most often been the products of hybridization and the result of deracination—transplantation I mean," he scoffed. Hospitality to the foreigner included banished creatures of the mind. For all its loftiness, the *NRF* favored, above all, authors who ventured underground, who mined "the incomparable ore found in the lower, wild, feverish, unclean regions." Thus one contributor, anticipating Surrealist thought, wrote a piece entitled "Metaphysics of Dream."

Decrying the Barrèsian view that selfhood resides in family, race, religion, and fatherland—that apart from these the individual is wind-blown chaff—Gide preached total detachment. The gurus through whom he speaks in his works urge their protégés to sever all bonds, to renounce all possessions, to seek the desert, and to do so in the spirit of hedonistic naïfs rather than Christian primitives. Not until they unlearn moral rules and conventional language will they fulfill themselves. "Most [people] think that only through constraint can something good come out of them," Ménalque asserts in *The Immoralist*. "They find favor only with counterfeit selves, claiming not to resemble who they are in fact. Each elects a master, then imitates him; nor does he even choose the master he imitates, but accepts one chosen for him.... People don't dare to turn a new leaf. Laws of imitation; I call them laws of fear. For fear of finding themselves alone, they lose themselves altogether. This moral agoraphobia revolts me."

Such homilies excited Gide's disaffected contemporaries rather as Camus's *The Stranger* excited a later generation. Indeed, the solipsism that will come naturally to Meursault is the condition for which Nathanaël, Michel, Saül, the Prodigal Son, and other Gidean protagonists collectively yearn. While Meursault utters only simple sentences, Gide's troupe struggles from sickness to "health" in a highly articulate world resounding with the cadences of Gospel and *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. Yet they all argue a shared belief that society alienates, that *idées reçues* undermine, that true being is a conjunction of the mind impervious to every authority and the body open to every sensation.

No doubt the "gratuitous" murder committed by Lafcadio on an Italian train foreshadows Meursault's cryptic assassination of an Arab on an African beach. In their randomness the crimes confer upon the criminal a kind of salutory hermeticism, throwing psychology off the scent; they mean to abolish not some one victim but the consciousness of the Other altogether, and subjection to the judgment and the understanding of society. What all this produced was the obverse of a *Bildungsroman*. With Gide, characters do not acquire greater depth, complexity, status. More often than not, the course marked out for them leads beyond the interdictions that shape character itself. And they follow it sententiously, growing thinner along the way.

Before long, the *NRF* group had done well enough to consider the idea of extending its reach with books published under its imprint. A "*Librairie de la NRF*," Gide proposed, would "reprint in *perfect editions* the *great works* of our literature (we wish to begin with the complete works of Stendhal)" and feature "a *very limited group* of contemporary authors ... Claudel, Jammes, Gide, Philippe, Suarès, Verhaeren, *to the exclusion of all others*." Their idea bore fruit when they appointed as director of the enterprise somebody quite unlike themselves, a dapper, twenty-five-year-old playboy named Gaston Gallimard, who turned out to possess a very good nose for works of distinction and an imperial acquisitiveness that eventually inspired the dictum: "*Hors Gallimard, point de littérature*" ("Outside Gallimard, there is no literature," which was a play on "*Hors l'Église, point de salut*," "Outside the Church, there is no salvation"). *NRF* became a magic acronym conferring exorbitant prestige on its creators, particularly Gide. The oracular resonance that Edmund Wilson attributed to "timing, presence, silences, timbre of voice" can be attributed with greater justification to the exclusive club in which Gide functioned as first among equals.

Through periods of paralysis, of self-hatred, of teetering on the brink of conversion to Catholicism (the leap had been made by Henri Ghéon, a repentant homosexual friend), Gide maintained one persona at Cuverville and another everywhere else. But during the war, which he spent doing civilian volunteer work, this duplicitous arrangement broke down. Toward the end of 1917, Madeleine intercepted a letter in which Ghéon, writing from the front, enjoined Gide, who had taken sixteen-year-old Marc Allégret as his lover, to mend his evil ways. Suddenly the veil drawn over something glimpsed much earlier in the marriage was torn away.

Gide's barren bride, now completely desolate, avenged herself as best she could upon a life that had required her connivance. She burned the several thousand letters that he had written to her over two decades. "I was suffering too much ... I had to do something," she reportedly told him. "I reread them all beforehand; they were the most precious thing I had." In Roger Martin du Gard's account of the episode, Gide felt equally desolate, for reasons best described as narcissistic. "I thought I was dying," Gide said.

> But you must understand what those letters were. I had written to her from my early youth, which was already dominated by that only love of my life. I did not spend a day away from her without writing to her. Those letters were the treasure of my life, the best of me: certainly my best work.... Suddenly there was nothing: I had been stripped of everything! Ah, I can imagine what a

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father might feel on arriving home and being told by his wife: "Our child is dead. I have killed him."

It is as if the quality of "pithiness" that Gide the actor would always prize had resided in the chronicle of his acts and his thoughts, as if he had cast a shadow upon the earth because Madeleine had read him every day. His being had been the telling of it, and with Madeleine's auto-da-fé it all went up in smoke. Sheridan writes: "For Gide, she had murdered their child." But it seems likely that, at bottom, Gide considered *himself* her murdered child. The son who felt real only under his mother's onerous surveillance was father to the spouse who required that Madeleine, his "mystic east," always be out there, paying close attention.

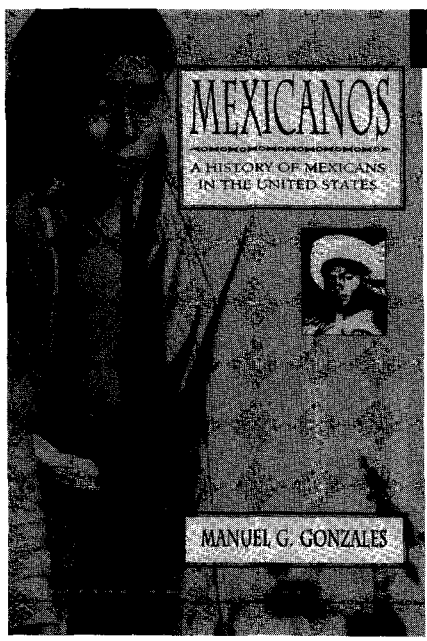
GIDE GREW AROUND his wound, which never healed completely. Indeed, it seems that his private ordeal prepared him for a more public life, in somewhat the same way that Emile Zola's domestic drama disposed him to take arms against injustice. The only history that ever interested him had been his own, as it filtered through the diary, the autobiographical novels, the countless letters that he sent. (In *If It Die...* he calls this hermetic cast of mind a lifelong infirmity. "My mother never urged history books on me ... because nothing dampened my spirit more.... Since then I have applied myself valiantly and often bent my nature that way, to no avail. The brain rebels....") But things changed. If the symbolic incineration of his past didn't brighten his historical imagination, it may have encouraged him to find purchase in the world around him, in the events of his day, and in a future other than his personal record. Certainly he could not have imagined before 1917 what happened five years later when, during a singular act of heterosexual intercourse, he produced a child with Elisabeth van Rysselberghe, the daughter of his loyal friends Maria and Théo.

A voyage to Equatorial Africa in 1925–26 proved to be the occasion for Gide's debut as a voice of social conscience. Accompanied by Marc Allégret, he went there in search of primeval nature and discovered not only the rain forest but also the frightful conditions under which natives slaved for their colonial masters. What he saw appalled him. "It is not good enough to say, as many do, that the natives were even more wretched before the French occupation," he noted. "We have assumed responsibilities towards them that we have no right to ignore. I know things in which I cannot acquiesce.... Now that I know them, I must speak out." With statistics at the ready, he launched a campaign against the rubber companies whose power in Africa was absolute, urging officialdom not to renew their concessionary leases. Letters and reports from Gide swarmed across the desks of high functionaries at the Ministry of Colonies, Prime Minister Raymond Poincaré granted him an audience, and in due course, after his *Travels in the Congo* appeared, the atrocities reported therein prompted administrative inquiries and parliamentary debate.

Gide continued this drumbeat into the 1930s, damning the evils of capitalism from very conspicuous rostrums and proclaiming his sympathy for Soviet communism. With Hitler ascendant, solidarity became an anti-fascist watchword. The French Communist Party, eager to enroll famous intellectuals of the left in its Association of Revolutionary Artists and Writers, zealously courted Gide, who lent his name to rallies and petitions. In January 1934, when there was much ado over the continued incarceration of Georgi Dimitrov (a Bulgarian Communist arraigned on trumped-up charges of having planned the Reichstag fire but eventually found innocent), Gide and André Malraux flew to Berlin to ask the Propaganda Ministry for his release. Several months later the two writers co-chaired a meeting to protest the imprisonment of the German Communist leader Ernst Thaelmann. And in June 1935 Gide served as honorary chairman of the Communist-sponsored First International Congress of Writers for the Defense of Culture in Paris, a huge event attended by E. M. Forster, Brecht, Max Brod, Heinrich Mann, Robert Musil, André Breton, Ilya Ehrenburg, Aldous Huxley, and (under duress) Boris Pasternak, among many others.

On the second day of the conference, Gide gave a speech of which Sheridan benignly observes that "little true Gidean metal is to be found in it" and "much naïve, self-deluding, if well-meaning alloy." He should have quoted it *in extenso* to let readers judge for themselves how alloyed "true metal" could get. The otherwise admirable culture engendered by bourgeois society, Gide asserted, had become a museum piece:

> Today in the capitalist society we still inhabit, it seems to me that the only worthwhile literature is a literature of opposition.
>
> For the bourgeois writer, to have a true communion with his class is an impossibility. To have a communion with the people, well, I'll have to say that it is equally impossible so long as the people remain what they are today, so long as



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they are not what they will become if we do our part.

... Only the enemies of Communism can see it as a desire for uniformity. What we expect of it, and what the Soviet Union is beginning to show us after a difficult period of struggles and temporary constraints in expectation of greater freedom, is a condition of society which would permit the fullest development of each man, the bringing forth and application of all his potentialities. In our sad Western world, as I have said, we still fall far short of the mark.

Why he silenced his private qualms about the Soviet Union to mouth propaganda that friends (such as Roger Martin du Gard) found deplorable is a complicated issue. Along with guilt and compassion for the wretched poor, vanity beguiled him. Doubting as he often did whether his oeuvre justified his fame, he was reluctant to forgo the vehement praise of young Communists everywhere. No more could he resist the opportunity to humble a society in which, despite the laurels it heaped on him, he still felt himself to be reprobate. Very much alive, under the refined demeanor of this *haut bourgeois*, was the rage that had inspired his oft-quoted expostulation: *"Familles! Je vous hais!"* ("Families, I hate you!")

Criticizing Soviet Russia, which is what Gide the contrarian did next, in a momentous volte-face, took as much nerve as it had taken to publish *Corydon*, his homosexual apologia. On June 17, 1936, with the *Front Populaire* newly installed, he had left Paris for an official tour of the Soviet Union, where his complete works were being published in translation, and at Moscow found himself carried to a reception committee on the shoulders of airport employees. Three days later he eulogized Maxim Gorky at funeral rites in Red Square, standing right beside Joseph Stalin, whose agenda for literature he invoked obsequiously. Then came two months of carefully programmed sightseeing all over the map, from Leningrad to Tiflis to Sevastopol. If conversations outside Moscow with Boris Pasternak and Isaac Babel did not pry his eyes open right away, during the subsequent journey he saw enough of the grim, totalitarian reality hidden behind Potemkin façades to make him depart Russia a sobered fellow traveler. "In no country," observed Pierre Herbart, who accompanied him, "have I seen so many barricades, barbed-wire fences, 'no entry' signs, special passes, guards and sentry-huts."

Back from the USSR, which Gide wrote very quickly (for a very deliberate writer), offers a measured account of his disillusionment. Trenchant remarks aimed at Stalinism and at the class system fostered by well-off bureaucrats mingle with deferential platitudes. Even so, it provoked outrage. He received quantities of hate mail, including letters wiped with excrement. Communist papers throughout Europe, following *Pravda*'s lead, vilified him as a traitor, an impostor, a fascist agent, a degenerate. Suddenly Gide's homosexuality, which had not previously been an issue, was held against him. In Russia, the publication of his complete works halted after volume four, while in France *Back from the USSR* sold out eight editions.

During the war, Gide escaped possible consequences of his commitment to the struggle against fascism by setting up in Tunis. And afterward, in 1948, a committee prepared to consecrate his various apostasies awarded him the Nobel Prize for literature. "If I have represented anything it is, I believe, the spirit of free inquiry, independence, insubordination even, protest against what the heart and reason refuse to approve," the devotee of *Faust* declared in his official reply. "I firmly believe that the spirit of inquiry lies at the origin of our culture. It is this spirit that the so-called totalitarian regimes, of left and right, are trying to crush and gag."

Alan Sheridan is an elegant and perceptive writer. If fault be found with his book, it may lie in its very comprehensiveness. As he traverses Gide's life almost week by week, the biographer becomes a kind of hostage to the diarist. Like Mazeppa lashed to the back of a wild horse, his narrative follows its peripatetic subject absolutely everywhere, seldom pausing for quiet reflection on aspects of Gide's character or behavior. Sheridan might also have done more, from the outset, to picture the world in which his subject's story unfolds. It is worth noting, for example, that his infancy was spent in a city under siege, with Parisians starving en masse, and cannon booming away; and that during the 1870s, when France was yet to be established as a republic or a monarchy, this quarrel, which would tear the nation apart during the Dreyfus Affair, had repercussions at the Faculté de Droit. But the book has many virtues, not least of them being Sheridan's ability to weave brief and penetrating essays on Gide's work into the chronicle of his restless days. ■

Unspecial Relations

By ARTHUR WALDRON

About Face: A History of America's Curious Relationship with China, from Nixon to Clinton by James Mann

(Knopf, 433 pp., $30)

HE IS THE GREATEST of political escape artists, but even Bill Clinton has been unable to slip the bonds of the China policy that he inherited in 1993. Indeed, far from breaking them, he has tied those bonds ever more tightly around himself and his administration, so that, irony of ironies, the candidate who in 1992 rejected the coddling of Beijing has become the Coddler-in-Chief. It is a historic failure, and an instructive story.

James Mann's new book is indispensable for understanding this failure. Mann is the longtime correspondent of the *Los Angeles Times*, and a true China hand. His first book, the tragicomic *Beijing Jeep* (1989), about Chrysler's China policy, became a minor classic, for the information that it contained and the insight with which it interpreted that information, as well as for the dark humor of its presentation. It tells the story of how greed and naïveté about China led the American automaker first to dreams, then to disillusionment, and finally to muddled compromise in its attempt to build cars in China. Mann's new book takes all of the China policy of the United States from Nixon to Clinton as its theme, and so it is far more substantial; but it displays the same understanding and the same wit, which make it as easy to read as the moun-

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tain of declassified papers and interviews on which it rests makes it authoritative.

Clinton's failure, in Mann's view, is both typical and puzzling. He observes that successor presidents have regularly attempted, like Clinton, to break out of the mold of the Nixon-Carter policy toward China, but they have failed. Indeed, they have ultimately practiced the policy even more vigorously than its originators. For the period of the cold war, this fact may be explained by the military logic that supported the policy. The puzzle is that the policy continues even today, in a post-cold-war, post-Tiananmen, unipolar, and increasingly democratic world; and that a president as capable as Clinton has been unable to change it.

Mann's solution to the puzzle is to point out that the same way of treating China has proved expedient before and after the cold war. During the cold war, we worked hard to create a militarily strong China to worry the Soviet Union, and in order to achieve that strategic goal we treated China as special. We kept central aspects of the policy secret, we exempted China from human rights concerns, we made secret concessions on Taiwan—and we got what we wanted. But the Soviet Union is no more, and without the Soviet Union to keep China in check, the strong China that we helped to create now intimidates our friends—and ourselves.

So what is the answer? For the short term, Mann argues, it has turned out to be more of the same—though Clinton extravagantly calls it "total engagement." To keep China happy, so that it will not threaten us and our friends, the prescription is more prevarication, secrecy, appeasement, and willed blindness on human rights. But this is only a short-term fix. The tide of the post-cold-war world is running hard against China's dictatorship and America's uncritical engagement with it. Sooner or later a new policy will have to be found that will accommodate these new realities. Mann does not say what such a new policy should be, but his book provides the background that is needed to consider the question properly.

THE HALLMARK OF the current policy, which was originated by Richard Nixon and reached its apogee under Jimmy Carter, is a preoccupation with the balance of power and an utter lack of concern with China's domestic system or the human rights of the Chinese people. China was "more of a strategy than a country" for the policy's originators, and Nixon's envoy Henry Kissinger consciously attempted to regard China as Metternich might have regarded it—as a military weight sufficiently formidable to offset the Soviet military machine. Its originators thought of themselves as strategists on the grand scale, and took a perverse pride in their lack of knowledge of, or concern about, China itself. Carter's adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski mused at "the strange coincidence that the Sino-American relationship was being forged in the course of a single decade by two U.S. officials who were of immigrant birth and who approached this task with relatively little knowledge or special sentiment for China, but with larger strategic concerns in mind."

To secure this weight, Nixon and Carter made a number of substantial and secret concessions to China, most controversially about Taiwan. Starting with Kissinger (who leaves this fact out of his memoirs), successive American administrations have undertaken, in effect, to strip the island of its legal status and thereby predetermine that it must eventually become part of China, regardless of what the people living there may want or even vote for. It was an astonishing promise for a democratic country to make, but it was given clandestinely by Kissinger in 1971 and by Brzezinski in 1978—and then it was given publicly last year in the "three nos" that Clinton enunciated in Shanghai, when he ruled out any two-China policy, and independence for Taiwan, and membership for Taiwan as a sovereign state in any international organization.

What could justify such enormous concessions in the first place from Nixon and Carter, and what can explain Clinton's turnabout? The policies all have adopted toward Taiwan would, after all, be unthinkable in connection with a European state. What made the difference, it seems, was the conviction that China was somehow the key to the whole cold war puzzle, and therefore indispensable and unique, and therefore worth a very high price. Nixon and Kissinger seem to have agreed about this, though neither Nixon nor Ford ever carried through on their promises. But Carter did in 1979, thus completing the policy that has dominated ever since.

The problem with this policy is not the recognition of China, it is the price that was paid for that recognition, and the general direction in which Carter set the relationship. Here the internal feuds of the Carter administration had a great effect. On the one side were lawyerly types such as Cyrus Vance and Warren Christopher, who agreed with the general thrust of the policy but wanted to remain even-handed between Moscow and Beijing in the cold war, and lacked enthusiasm for arming China and for cutting Taiwan totally adrift. On the other side was the geopolitician Zbigniew Brzezinski, who would pay any price for the connection, and who won

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the nasty fight for control of the policy.

Brzezinski was a prototypical cold warrior of the anti-Soviet subspecies, and Beijing in the 1970s was a paradise for such people. Unlike our treaty allies Japan and NATO, who fretted endlessly about what Washington did to frustrate and to oppose Moscow, the authorities in Beijing were even more staunchly anti-Soviet than most Americans. Not surprisingly, visitors such as Brzezinski felt right at home. They failed to ponder the irony that only a dictatorship could be as anti-Soviet and as militarized as China, and thus make such a splendid ally in a cold war that was supposed to be about freedom.

Instead they focused on military cooperation against Moscow. "If we get to the top first, you go in and oppose the Russians in Ethiopia," Brzezinski famously jested as he clambered up the Great Wall. This was a fateful turn. The American relationship with China could have taken any number of directions after Carter established the diplomatic connection; but it was Brzezinski's influence that gave "a military, anti-Soviet cast to America's relationship with China, creating ties in which the interests of the Pentagon and the CIA became all important."

The CIA placed listening posts on Chinese soil and shared intelligence. American equidistance between the Communists in Beijing and the Communists in Moscow was abandoned when China invaded Vietnam early in 1979: not only did we not protest the invasion of a sovereign country, we lined up with China against the Soviet ally and provided Beijing with satellite and other intelligence about Vietnamese troop deployments. More broadly, we sought to strengthen the war-fighting capability of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. Brzezinski solicited from the Chinese a wish list of military equipment and technologies. When they came back with a roster of forty-seven items, the American national security adviser went through Western Europe with the list, saying "We can't sell right now, but you do it."

"Carter and his aides," Mann writes, "gave China virtually a blanket exemption from the human rights standards that they so ardently applied elsewhere." In 1978–79, the "democracy wall" movement spread across China; this was when Wei Jingsheng first became famous for his big character poster "The Fifth Modernization" (by which he meant democracy). When "normalization" was completed, Beijing arrested Wei and after a six-hour proceeding sentenced him to fifteen years in prison. "In its first and only negative statement about the ongoing Chinese repression," notes Mann, a State Department spokesman "said merely that the United States was 'surprised and disappointed at the severity of the sentence,' leaving the impression that it might otherwise have had no quarrel with Wei's trial and conviction."

Thus was the pattern established for the American policy that has endured now for nearly twenty years, and that has been expanded by the Clinton administration. During this time we have taught Beijing some very bad lessons. The Chinese have learned to expect treatment by Washington that is special, utterly inconsistent with the way we treat other countries, and regularly better than how we treat our Asian allies, Japan most importantly. They have learned that even when we were strong and they were relatively weak, we so esteemed our connection with them as to make it possible for them to pressure us in negotiations. They have come to count on American cooperation in keeping the full nature of the relationship secret from Congress and the American people. They have became accustomed to our connivance with their efforts to obtain military and other sensitive equipment, and our blind eye to human rights violations.

Most recently, on Clinton's watch, the Chinese have learned an even more pleasing and valuable lesson: that outright military actions also provoke no particular penalty. They have built a naval base on an island well within Philippine waters, and fired ballistic missiles at Taiwan, and spied on American nuclear facilities, and attempted illegally to influence American political campaigns; but none of these actions has yet to elicit much by way of a serious American response.

IS THERE AN ALTERNATIVE? The Clinton administration regularly portrays the situation as a choice between what they call "engagement"—an unexceptionable word, except that in practice it denotes more special treatment and concessions—and a dangerous new cold war with China. In this way the Clintonites pretend that there is no alternative to what they are doing. But this is false. A different approach does exist, and it was practiced successfully by the Reagan and Bush administrations. It could provide the formula that Clinton needs to extricate himself from his current China quandary (if, that is, he experiences it as a quandary at all), and also bring to an end the terrible American hypocrisy on human rights.

The key is to place China in context, as the Reagan administration did, after a rocky start. Reagan rightly understood that Carter's China policy had to be changed, just as Clinton would rightly sense that Bush's approach was not adequate, but Reagan succeeded at a task that has defeated Clinton. Reagan made some emotional promises during the campaign, rather as Clinton did. He spoke of re-recognizing Taiwan and providing the island with the next generation of jet fighters that it required. Once in office, however, when he was exploring the practical implications of his promises, China exploded with protests and threats—which drove the principled anti-Communist president to conclude the American agreement with China that was the most damaging to Taiwan. This was the undertaking, negotiated by Secretary of State Alexander Haig and signed in August 1982, that promised limits to American arms sales to Taiwan in return for Chinese renunciation of force against the island. An avalanche of concessions could have followed, until Reagan became indistinguishable from Carter; but the new president decisively arrested the slide and undid much of the damage. In his own hand he wrote a codicil to the bad agreement, safeguarding Taiwan's interests. And then, instead of continuing his predecessors' tradition of keeping China happy, he considered how to end the cold war. This released him from bondage to the old policy.

THE GEOPOLITICIANS OF the Nixon and Carter administrations had regarded the cold war as permanent. Their triangular diplomacy was intended to create a structure within the confrontation by which the two Communist powers would cancel each other out and the United States would obtain the decisive weight. Their "realist" position meant that they overlooked the internal politics of the countries with which they dealt, and therefore missed the more important drama of the 1980s, the drama of democratization, which Reagan grasped. Reagan required no triangle, because his purpose was not to recontextualize the Berlin Wall but to tear it down. And so he no longer needed China in the way that Kissinger and Brzezinski had needed it. It also meant that he could embrace the politics of human rights wholeheartedly.

For Reagan, Beijing became one capital among many, and human rights and democracy were taken seriously as universal values, applicable also to Asians. Tokyo, which previous administrations had neglected and bypassed, received serious attention. Since Japan is not only a democracy, but is also far stronger and more capable than China, this gave the United States leverage. Reagan also intervened decisively in favor of democracy in the Philippines (with the ouster of Ferdinand Marcos and the advent of Corazon Aquino), in South Korea (where he stopped a threatened proclamation of martial law), and in Taiwan, where his

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policy of assurance on security coupled with pressure against dictatorship helped the political leadership to find the confidence to begin a serious process of liberal reform.

Did all this undermine our China policy? Not at all. China can act special in its relations with us only when we treat it as special. Reagan, and to a lesser degree Bush, understood this fact: they knew how to work with our real friends and in accord with our real values and interests, not least with the aim of nudging China in the right direction. But then came Bush's feeble response to the Tiananmen massacre, which allowed Clinton to pose as the true heir of Reagan's mantle.

BUSH RESPONDED TO China's great reach for democracy rather as Metternich responded to the revolutions of 1848: he tried to put things back the way they were. When China managed to keep Communism in power by massacring protesters, in Mann's words, Bush "had no appetite to confront.... He dealt comfortably with the Chinese leaders he had known for years. He seemed to have difficulty taking seriously the idea that there might be passionate dissent in China, of the sort that he and other American leaders had long honored in the Soviet Union." He failed "to give voice to America's outrage over the crackdown of 1989 or the nationwide repression that followed." He was blindsided by the domestic outrage that followed his dispatch of Brent Scowcroft, his national security adviser (and Kissinger's erstwhile business partner), to reassure Beijing.

Yet Bush's desire to keep to the well-worn paths of the Nixon-Carter tradition proved too paltry to save either his policy or his presidency. Moreover, the cold war environment that had made the policy attractive and kept it stable was changing. For a start, China and the tottering Soviet Union ceased to be such enemies: they shared, after all, a common desire to maintain dictatorship, and they resented American pressure against their preferred system of rule. Thus they reestablished military contacts in 1990, and soon Moscow agreed to sell Beijing the Su-27, an advanced fighter plane of the sort that Washington had been unwilling to provide. Then, with Western states cutting off investment in China, Japan, Hong Kong, and (ironically enough) Taiwan poured in money—and also tourists, to fill up the hotel rooms suddenly emptied after the massacre. The United States had lost its leverage as supplier-by-appointment to Beijing of advanced military technology, and the West had ceased to be the irreplaceable source of capital. The strategic triangle collapsed.

Moreover, the uneasy American political consensus about China came to a dramatic end at about the time that Bill Clinton was nominated for president. The Chinese student leaders Chai Ling and Li Lu were on the platform with him at the convention, to introduce Aretha Franklin to sing "The Star Spangled Banner." America was thirsty for some straightforward articulation of how the deepest American values related to American policy toward China; and Clinton provided it eloquently, in embracing the democratic aspirations of China's people in a torrent of words and symbols and promises. This was one of the factors that helped him to win.

CLINTON'S POLICY INSTINCT was correct, but his implementation was disastrous. Had he been wiser, the new president might have chosen to follow Reagan and to build American leverage on China indirectly, by strengthening ties with our democratic allies in the region. Fatefully, however, Clinton decided to confront Beijing directly, with a proposal to link the renewal of Most Favored Nation status (which Bush supported unconditionally) to progress by Beijing on human rights. Like many of Clinton's promises, this one turned out to be expedient and worthless—but few suspected this at the time, including principled supporters of human rights such as George Mitchell and Nancy Pelosi in Congress.

In fact, Clinton had not thought very hard about his China policy: not for the last time he went with his political gut, and not for the last time he came to grief. Some of the most revealing pages in Mann's book describe how Clinton's half-baked promise was ultimately reversed; indeed, how he went even further than his predecessors in bowing to China, and without anything like the partial justification that they could claim from the cold war, which was over.

Thus, in 1993, Most Favored Nation status was to be extended for one year, conditional on improvements by Beijing in human rights. This was done by executive order; the congressional sponsors of a bill for conditional MFN, which would certainly have passed, were persuaded to withdraw it. Clinton signed the measure amid general congratulation at his well-judged initiative, though a few China hands suspected that it would not work. American business had not been brought aboard, and began to protest and to worry about its profits. China also objected. The administration divided and began to squabble. Clinton had been counting on the Chinese to give him political cover by making some cosmetic improvements, but Beijing properly detected weakness in the White House and decided to push for a complete victory. As the deadline drew near, Clinton sent Warren Christopher to Beijing, where the Chinese humiliated him—as did Clinton himself, when he did not debrief his own secretary of state after he returned to Washington.

And so Clinton characteristically walked away from a policy that he had embraced, and cut off at their knees his supporters who had taken him at his word. He renewed MFN unconditionally, thus teaching Beijing the important lesson that the new American president could be intimidated and manipulated. Politically, the setback for Clinton was not unlike the setback that Reagan had encountered ten years before. Unlike Reagan, however, Clinton allowed the pebble to turn into an avalanche of concession—as became clear when the Chinese decided to intimidate him militarily.

THE THREAT OF FORCE or the use of force had been absolutely, if tacitly, ruled out in the U.S.-China relationship since Nixon's day. In 1995 and 1996, however, China suddenly initiated a new and rather belligerent policy toward Taiwan and the South China Sea, with the secret construction of a naval facility on a coral island within Philippine waters, missile firings against Taiwan, and other disturbing incidents. Analysts still disagree about the cause. Some of them accuse Taiwan of provocation: they point specifically to a speech by Lee Teng-hui at Cornell, in which he extolled Taiwan's democratization and stated that the island was "here to stay." (Lee's trip had been controversial from the start: having initially ruled it out, Clinton permitted it only under powerful congressional pressure, and failed to give Beijing notice of the change.) Diplomatic tacticians still weigh the pros and cons, but Mann wisely looks at the larger picture. The problem was not Lee's speech so much as the fact that Taiwan, as it democratized, moved steadily out of Beijing's grasp, and its new legitimacy permitted it to reconstitute ties with the United States that Beijing thought had been severed for good in the 1970s.

Beijing, moreover, was not behaving in an entirely reactive manner. It had its own agenda, which might be described as Jiang Zemin's quest for a legacy. Analysts are increasingly adopting the view that China's president has decided to define his own greatness by dominating the South China Sea and bringing Taiwan into the fold. This idea may seem dangerous and far-fetched—Mao and Deng never attempted such a course—but that is precisely why Jiang is attracted to the idea. A diplomat who has observed Jiang at close

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quarters believes that he may be dull and unimaginative enough to believe that such a plan can work. Certainly China's new belligerency is already creating fear in Asia and threatens to do more damage.

Who is to blame? Jiang and the Chinese, of course; but Clinton is also to blame, for encouraging them to believe that their pressure on the United States could lead to the abandonment of Taiwan and other Asian allies, thus clearing the way for Chinese hegemony and greatness for Jiang. Before this threat appeared, Clinton got some very good advice about how to deal with China from no less an authority than Wei Jingsheng. During his brief release from jail in connection with Beijing's bid to host the 2000 Olympics, Wei had met in Beijing with the American human rights envoy John Shattuck. Did the dissident have any advice for the American president? Shattuck asked. "Tell President Clinton that you should be as strong as the Chinese government," Wei replied. The missile firings presented Clinton with an opportunity to do just that. This would have been a good time also to reconsider and to restructure the entire relationship. China's threats, after all, had made the rest of Asia even more receptive to some American leadership. "You should not retreat," Wei concluded.

But retreat is exactly what Clinton did. The missiles over the Taiwan Strait seem really to have frightened the White House. After some dithering, Clinton dispatched aircraft carriers to end the crisis—which was the right thing to do. But then, instead of pushing the lesson home and demanding privately that China sack the officials who were responsible for threats, and back its missiles away from the strait (to where Deng Xiaoping had always kept them, far away from Taiwan), and guarantee no repetition, Clinton raised the curtain on a new policy of "total engagement," helped along by yet more concessions. These seem to have strengthened Jiang Zemin in his calculation that, come the crunch, Clinton would give him what he wanted.

Instead of wrestling with the genuine policy issues, Clinton flinched and turned (as usual) to political damage limitation. What would it take, he asked, to calm China down? And to get it off the front page? The answer was more secret appeasement and more misleading rhetoric. The worst precedents of the Nixon and Carter approach were revived and reinforced. Asia was made more dangerous as a result. Clinton's policy has begun to collapse only in the last few months, as the lessons of the terrible breach of security at Los Alamos have sunk in (lessons as much about the administration's lackadaisical approach to security as about China's skill at espionage and deception). The administration's recent support for Theater Missile Defense for the threatened countries, and its closer cooperation with Tokyo, Taipei, and other democratic friends, may augur a more balanced policy on the way, but with this administration one can never be certain.

Mann wisely avoids prescriptions at the conclusion of his book: his narrative identifies the illusions and the mistakes of the past, while hinting at a path not taken. This alternative policy that is implied by Mann's account would have been a slower and more deliberate one, prosecuted at the speed of cautious lawyers rather eager geo-strategists. Publicly, it would have been less flashy and political. Privately, it would have focused less on military cooperation and more on building a broad-based relationship. It would not have been afraid of American allies or American values. The Chinese leadership would have liked it less than what in fact they got, but secrecy and prevarication would not have been required to sell it to the American people.

One can argue, of course, that such a policy would never have created the strong anti-Soviet alliance that the Nixon-Carter policy created. But how important was that strategic structure, really? The Soviet Union was not brought down by a threat from China. It collapsed because its domestic dictatorship no longer functioned economically and could not be sustained politically. What set in motion the inevitable end of the Soviet state and empire was not the "China card," but Gorbachev's sincere attempts at reform from within.

And what of the future? To consider this question, we must first recognize that the cold war is well and truly over; that global politics are no longer driven by power balances, but by a tide of economic change and political liberalization. China is not special; it will not escape this tide. Economic and social change has toppled most of the old Asian dictatorships, and those remaining—in China, North Korea, Vietnam, and Burma—will follow sooner or later. Democracy is deeply rooted not only in India and Japan, but also in South Korea, Taiwan, Thailand, and the Philippines; it has been successfully planted in Mongolia; it is being expanded and defended in Malaysia; it is being introduced in Indonesia. The result has been an increasingly demilitarized world. Our interest, obviously, is that this great process continue, and our policy and our choice of friends should take it as its basis.

The special relationship with China belongs to another time. It is an anachronism that should no longer serve as the basis for American thinking. What we need now is an alliance with the friends in Asia that share our economic values and our political values, which above all means Japan. To ally the United States with a narrow Chinese dictatorship against its own people is no longer a brilliant bit of

Childhood

My father holds the twenty-five to his head
    Like a seashell,
Like a transistor radio tuned to a channel
    Nobody else can hear.
He comes bounding down the stairs, almost like a boy
    On Christmas morning
Were it not for the fact that he's weeping
    And saying over and over:

"Do you want me to blow my fucking head off?
    Is that what you want?"
My mother doesn't say yes but doesn't say no.
    She's shaking.
Making a sound not with her mouth but with
    Her whole body,
A chanted, high-pitched wail that contains
    The chaos of the universe,

The rage that is, before language was.
    She clenches a clump
Of her hair in each fist, her hair
    Not the color
Of the sun going down so early in the day,
    But the color
Of a child's first clumsy rendering of that sky
    In fingerpaint—

The frail page he brought home, clutched to his chest
    Under a heavy coat,
And which he stood on the cold porch to admire a moment
    Before it ceased to matter.

Joe Bolton

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PRIVACY AS PRIVILEGE

The Limits of Privacy
Basic Books, 280 pages, $25 hardcover
By Amitai Etzioni

Reviewed by Jonathan Kirsch, attorney specializing in publishing law at Kirsch & Mitchell in Los Angeles. He is the author, most recently, of *Moses: A Life* (Ballantine).

The right to be let alone, as Louis Brandeis and his law partner Samuel Warren so famously defined the right of privacy, expresses an idea that is profoundly and authentically American. After all, we all tend to bristle at the notion that someone—whether it is big government, big business, or just a nosy neighbor—might be eavesdropping on our phone calls, or browsing through our medical records, or sniggering over the movies we rent at the video store. And even the most priggish Clinton hater ought to be able to understand why the president might feel a bit aggrieved to discover that an intern has been yakking about their sexual adventures to someone who first rigs a homemade tap on her phone and then puts on a wire to go to lunch. "No one needs to read a book—let alone a philosophical tract or an extensive policy analysis—to be reminded that the right to be let alone is much cherished," allows Amitai Etzioni in *The Limits of Privacy*, and that "without privacy no society can long remain free."

Yet Etzioni, a distinguished sociologist who has reinvented himself as a social philosopher, insists on presenting us with "the other side of the privacy equation." His book is a well-argued brief in favor of the proposition that the right of privacy ought not to be regarded as something sacred and inviolable. Privacy and public interest exist in a state of constant tension, Etzioni suggests, and sometimes "the common good entails violating privacy."

The flash points between privacy and public safety can be spotted all over the landscape—drug testing in the schools and workplace, sobriety checkpoints on the streets and highways, surveillance cameras in parking lots and shopping malls. For his purposes, Etzioni focuses on four specific examples of the friction between privacy and the public interest, including the testing of infants for HIV, the various "Megan's Laws" that alert the public to the presence of sex offenders in their communities, the right of the government to decode encrypted messages on the Internet and other media, and the use of identification cards and "biometric identifiers" such as voice recognition and "eyeprints," all of which Etzioni finds to be acceptable intrusions into the realm of privacy when a justifiable public interest is served.

Etzioni's presentation is deft and disciplined, his reasoning straightforward and plain-spoken. He holds himself to a high standard of intellectual honesty, always crediting the arguments that can be made against the positions he's advocating. His books is largely free of the "spin" that has so corrupted public discourse in America, and his advocacy is only strengthened as a result of his candor and clarity.

"To reconceptualize privacy, a highly revered tight, may seem offensive, almost sacrilegious," he is willing to concede. "However, in the wake of the rise of radical individualism between 1960 and the 1990s, a new conception of privacy is called for, one that does not privilege privacy over the common good but rather is open to balance with concerns for social responsibilities."

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It is also true, however, that Etzioni has chosen case studies that tend to play on conscience and sentiment, fear and passion. The testing of newborns for HIV, which also reveals whether the mother is HIV positive, surely invades the mother's privacy, but it may also save the life of a baby. "Megan's Laws" may expose an offender who has already served his sentence to life-long public shame, but it also holds out the prospect of protecting innocent young children from sexual predators.

Even though he is a sociologist rather than a lawyer, Etzioni strides confidently into the thickets of constitutional law, and he invokes the Fourth Amendment to justify his proposals for "reconceptualizing" the right of privacy. Dismissing what he calls "the amalgam of various constitutional rights" that provide the fuzzy theoretical underpinnings of the right of privacy in cases dealing with "reproductive choice," Etzioni prefers the balancing tests that he finds in search-and-seizure cases, in which privacy is weighed against "the common good" and sometimes found wanting.

Etzioni has been commenting upon the function (and, of necessity, the malfunction) of American society for nearly 40 years, starting with *A Comparative Analysis of Complex Organizations* in 1961. Over the years his work has moved from strictly academic monographs to social commentary that betrays an activist stance toward social policy. Clearly, he is not content with merely describing the social problems he sees around him; he wants to solve them too. Etzioni has assumed the role of a postindustrial equivalent of an Old Testament prophet—stern and demanding, always tugging at our sleeve, always confronting us with hard truths and challenging ideals.

"My approach is nourished by a social philosophy: communitarian thinking," Etzioni explains at the outset of his argument. His philosophy aspires toward "a carefully crafted balance between individual rights and social responsibility, between liberty and the common good."

Like a true prophet, Etzioni's message is not always honored in his own country, but he does not seem to care that his ideas many be unfashionable. Remarkably, the nay-saying of his critics even shows up in the blurbs that are being circulated by his publisher to promote the book. The ubiquitous Alan M. Dershowitz, for example, is quoted in the publicity release from Basic Books as calling The Limits of Privacy a "must-read" but he is also allowed to voice a dissenting opinion on Etzioni's call for a balance between privacy and the public interest: "I quarrel," quips Dershowitz, "with the weight of the communitarian thumb he places on the scale."

The core of Etzioni's argument is so reasonable that it is ultimately hard to resist: We err when we sacralize the right of privacy to the exclusion of common sense, and we ought to entertain at least the idea that invasion of privacy by government is sometimes the lesser of two evils. After all, the Branch Davidians just wanted to be left alone, too. Although he is quick to invoke the common good and the communitarian principle, Etzioni's best argument is based on an appeal to the individual reader's empathy: Would you be willing to sacrifice some measure of privacy to frustrate a terrorist who seeks to bomb a public building or to protect a child from a sexual predator who seeks to rape and kill her? No many of us would say no, or so Etzioni assumes, and I think he is right.

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cold war geopolitics, if ever it was. It is, rather, a recipe for disaster. Before his recent trip to Washington, Zhu Rongji called upon the world not to support Chinese dissidents. The Clinton administration is already talking about "stability" in China the way the Bush administration talked about it for the Soviet Union. But change is inescapable and we must be on the side of that change, ready to help if it moves constructively, and well-hedged if it goes badly.

DURING THE democracy movement a decade ago, we had a glimpse of the dissatisfactions and the aspirations of the Chinese people; and an indication, in the Tiananmen massacre, of how far the dictatorship would go to avoid any liberalization or compromise. Those aspirations have intensified in the ten years since Tiananmen, as economic development and increased international contact have stoked dissatisfaction with a profoundly corrupt regime. Beijing's response has been to build up its vast armed police, to arrest and to harass anyone who speaks out, and generally not to do precisely the things that will assure that the coming transition is peaceful. Anywhere else—in Nigeria or in Indonesia—the United States would be calling for elections as a matter of course. But in the case of China, we have lost our nerve.

For all its talk about human rights, the Clinton administration has distanced itself from dissent in China and avoided measures that would exact even a small price from Beijing for its abuses. The Clinton administration has lacked the courage to endorse Taiwan's democracy, which is widely admired in China. Some senior American experts go so far even as to question whether democracy would be good for China. They explain that the millions of demonstrators whom we recall from a decade ago were mostly urban and educated (which is true enough) and did not really understand what words such as "democracy" meant (which is repugnantly condescending). China has "chosen" stability, they maintain, over justice.

They should know better. In the teens of this century, the great Chinese intellectual Hu Shih explained that dictatorship and over-centralization caused unrest and instability in China. More participation and less government from above, he argued, would calm things down. This remains true today. A free election in China would yield a parliament in which rural interests dominated, and this would be good. Farmers in China have been short-changed for most of this century. They need infrastructure, education, clean water, hospitals, and so forth. This would mean, among other things, less money for missiles and bombs. To compete in such an electoral system, moreover, Chinese politicians would be forced to do what they never do now: talk to their own people. Jiang Zemin takes questions at Harvard, but not at Chinese universities.

The only way out of China's domestic predicament, and the best chance for peace in the region, is a transition to freedom. This is in the interest of the United States and it is in the interest of China. Only the government of China stands in its way. ■

Happy Is England

By NIALL FERGUSON

Anglomania: A European Love Affair by Ian Buruma

(Random House, 304 pp., $25.95)

THE AMERICAN ANGLOPHILE is a recognizable type. It is usually the Harris tweed jacket that gives him away, or the Savile Row suit. Instead of neat buttons on either side, his shirts have those odd cutaway collars that the English favor. His accent may be more Ivy League than Oxbridge, but every now and then he throws in telling Anglicisms, such as Gatsby's "old sport." Come to think of it, Fitzgerald's character is the archetypal Angloyank. And all right-thinking Americans should despise such phonies, of course.

American Anglophilia does not feature in Ian Buruma's rich and charming new book, though tweed jackets do. Buruma's gaze is directed eastward from England, toward the Anglophiles of continental Europe. When Europeans these days discuss the question of Britain's relationship with Europe, Anglophilia is in fact something of a non-issue. Everyone, it seems, is an Anglophile now. Of course we love the English, say sadly puzzled German politicians; what we cannot understand is why, more than half a century after the end of World War II, the English still hate us. Even the French these days find it hard to loathe the English as much as they loathe the Americans. But these developments have not retired Buruma's subject. Quite the contrary: in seeking to trace the historical roots of this now quite general Anglophilia, Buruma is onto something interesting.

This is a book rooted in its author's own history. Half-Dutch on his mother's side and educated in Holland, Buruma was introduced to Anglophilia by his paternal grandfather, who was the son of a German-Jewish immigrant. Attracted to England by Billy Bunter and the Beatles in almost equal measure, the young Buruma at some point took the decision to Anglicize himself completely. The proof that he had achieved this came in 1990, when he was appointed foreign editor of *The Spectator*, a magazine that evolved during the 1980s into the house journal of Thatcherite "Young Fogeys." They were, you might say, the English Anglophiles, even if the object of their affections was the England of at least a century ago.

Like so many continental Anglophiles, however, Buruma found that his admission to the inner sanctum was an apotheosis marred by self-doubt. Was he really at home in this oak-paneled parody of a Senior Common Room? Was it the weight of his tweed jacket that was making him perspire, or the fact that the man inside it wasn't quite English enough? Or was it the ghastly realization that his colleagues had feet of clay inside their delightful handmade brogues? "In the end I felt ill at ease with young people who had never thought of trying anything else, who had walked only on well-trodden paths, whose main aim was to conserve the system in which they had got on, and who looked at any alternative with amused contempt."

Buruma drew the line when one of his colleagues suggested the arch-imperialist Enoch Powell as a possible contributor on the subject of Indian politics in the aftermath of Rajiv Gandhi's assassination—not a bad bit of whimsy by *Spectator* standards, but the last straw for Buruma. This, then, is Buruma's theme: the ambivalence of Anglophilia. Each of the book's fifteen

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essays explores the particular problem that, while it is easy to love the English (especially from afar), it is harder to consummate that love—or even to be certain that one's love is reciprocated.

BURUMA BEGINS WITH Voltaire. In Britain, his book is nicely titled *Voltaire's Coconuts*, alluding to Voltaire's observation that, just as coconuts take time to ripen in Rome, so English laws and liberties would take time to be adopted in France. Voltaire's point was that eventually they could. As Buruma shows, however, he did not like English liberties in practice half as much as he liked them in theory. Voltaire's England turns out to have been the England of his imagination: an anti-France rather than a real country. In the same way, Goethe's love of Shakespeare had more to do with a German reaction against French classicism than a genuine Anglophilia: the aim was to reinvent Shakespeare as a Gothic genius. "Shakespeare my friend," enthused Goethe on the day he had designated "William's Day" (October 14, 1771), "if you were with us today, I could live only with you." This *Sturm und Drang* Shakespeare, of course, has his analogue in today's Oscar-winning Will.

As the Bard might have said, some are born Anglophiles, some achieve Anglophilia, and some have Anglophilia thrust upon them. Anglophilia was clearly thrust upon that generation of continental revolutionaries—Marx being the most famous—who were forced to emigrate to England after the failure of the 1848 revolutions. As the grandson of Queen Victoria, however, Kaiser Wilhelm II belongs firmly in the first category of born Anglophiles. Here Buruma makes good use of the researches of John Roehl, the Kaiser's biographer. Told ad nauseam by his mother to prefer liberal England over militarist Prussia, the young Wilhelm staged one of the most historically significant of all teenage revolts by rejecting the former and embracing the latter. In 1940, a pathetic and moribund exile in Holland, he rejoiced at the impending "Last Judgment on Juda-England."

By contrast, and it is an important contrast, Anglophilia was achieved, *faute de mieux*, by Theodor Herzl. A born and bred Germanophile, Herzl would never have turned to England, or indeed to Zionism, if he had not first been snubbed by his anti-Semitic Pan-German chums and ignored by the Kaiser himself (not to mention the Rothschilds, though Buruma does not quite see the significance of this). The growing appeal of England to continental Jews rejected by the lands of their birth is the other big theme of Buruma's book: his own great-grandfather, and Isaiah Berlin, and the architectural historian Nikolaus Pevsner all appear as exemplars of it. Despite flickers of suspicion (to which Buruma is very sensitive, especially when aired by such haughty critics as David Watkin, the anti-Pevsner of Peterhouse), the English—including those on the political right—have generally reciprocated the sentiment. Buruma notes that Margaret Thatcher had a Jewish pen friend in the 1930s, who passed through Grantham when her family quit Nazi Vienna for South America. Was this the origin of her Germanophobia, which was so much in evidence in 1989?

TO SOME READERS, it must be said, some of this will be familiar. Buruma is digging in ploughed fields. Still, he has a genius for digging up unlooked-for gems. I had not realized that Herzl was such an ardent Wagnerian, nor that the overture to *Tannhäuser* was played at the opening of the Second Zionist Congress in 1898. It is also good to learn that fashionable French hostesses in the 1760s served their guests English-style roast beef. And I liked Buruma's quotation from that wonderful old fraud Prince Pückler-Muskau, who came to England to find a rich wife in 1826, about "the constant intrusion of the [English] newspapers into private life." There is a lightness in the way Buruma wears his learning which is very appealing.

My main quibble is that the book is long on anecdote but short on analysis. The classic pitfall of any discussion of Englishness is to confuse it with Britishness. As a Scot, I speak with feeling on this point. Now, Buruma is not so naïve as to miss the point that a great deal of German Anglophilia (in the nineteenth century and today) was in fact Scotophilia: what they really loved were the ideas of Adam Smith and David Hume, or the Highlands as repackaged by Walter Scott. (Prince Albert is the classic example, and being made to wear a kilt was part of Wilhelm II's childhood trauma.)

But this is only part of the story. Buruma misses a trick by omitting from his account the crucial phenomenon of Scottish Anglophilia, an increasingly rare condition from which I am proud to suffer. Since James Boswell, no one has worked harder at turning little England into Great Britain than the Scotch Anglophiles, and the apparent decline of the species in these days of generalized Celtic nationalism—or at least their loss of self-confidence—is an important phenomenon, which at least deserved a mention. It is all too easy to forget, post-*Braveheart*, the contribution of Scottish writers such as Walter Scott and John Buchan to the development of an authentically British culture. Without the Scots' aptitude for commerce, engineering, emigration, and military ruthlessness, there would have been no Great Britain, and no British Empire.

Nor does Buruma adequately explain why so many continental Anglophiles did not become Americanophiles. When Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru-Rollin, and Herzen dined together to celebrate George Washington's birthday in 1854, why were they dining in London, and not in Washington itself? Was England simply handier for launching the next European revolution? A fuller discussion of Tocqueville's views on the relative merits of Britain and America might have helped. Tocqueville was always keen on the idea that the British aristocracy was a defender of liberty against the pretensions of the centralizing, sometimes egalitarian state. In America, he saw a similar role being played by the many religious sects. Given the choice between aristocratic England and sectarian America, the more cheerful revolutionaries (such as Herzen) tended to opt for the former.

Even more regrettable are Buruma's attempts to give what is a fine work of cultural history some immediate contemporary relevance. There are too many forced parallels between nineteenth-century European attitudes to England and present-day attitudes to the United States.

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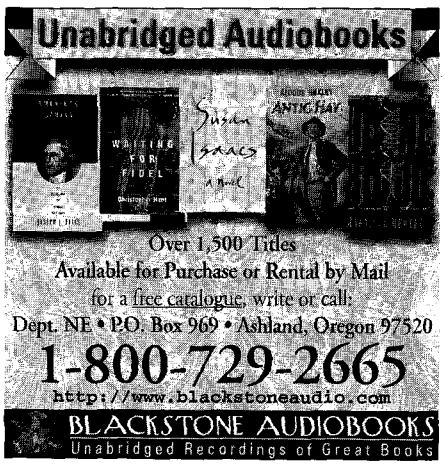
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For example: "Just as the global appeal of Hollywood movies has something to do with the nature of America, the universal appeal of Shakespeare's plays tells us something about the society in which they were created." This is otiose. Still, these lapses aside, Buruma has written a deeply intelligent book that is a pleasure to read. Above all, he has a nicely oblique, understated sense of humor. Perhaps it is that—the subtle intimation that life and the human universe are really rather droll—which sets the fully-fledged Englishman apart from the mere Anglophile. ■

Books and Crannies

By D. GRAHAM BURNETT

The Nature of the Book: Print and Knowledge in the Making by Adrian Johns

(University of Chicago Press, 753 pp., $40)

WE WOULD DO WELL to get the truth about this book out in the open. The truth is that I wrote it. And if you run into this Adrian Johns and he claims it as his own, give him a good drubbing for me, for making off with a decade of my scholarly labors. Another thing: under no condition should you purchase his fraudulent scribbling, rife with errors, a hack job of the basest sort. Allow me to recommend that you destroy any copy you find. Demand loudly of bookstores that they immediately order the true edition of *The Nature of the Book*, the original one wholly corrected by me, and available only from me, directly. Do not be taken in by this impostor!

If you have read this far, and you were born in the last two hundred years, you probably suspect that the above paragraph must be some kind of joke. You are right. But it is the aim of *The Nature of the Book*—a mammoth and stimulating account of the place of print in the history of knowledge—to show its modern readers that their fellows back in the seventeenth century would have had no such confidence. For them, my opener would have been standard fare, another tedious dispute over a pirated book. And should Johns and Burnett intend a duel to settle the matter—that would be a literary spat worth sitting up for.

The controlling claim of Johns's book is that the reading context—the tacit knowledge about where books come from, how they find readers, and how they are read, which would have been common knowledge to a writer's contemporaries—has a history, and that this history is required for the proper critical understanding of a printed text. Johns has written a tremendously learned primer on what one needed to know to be a confident reader in early modern Britain: how books were made and sold, by whom, and how one decided which could be relied on.

This might seem a mightily pedantic primer, of use only to those whose professional responsibilities (or personal predilections) compel them to read old books as people of old would have read them. But this underplays Johns's hand. For while *The Nature of the Book* will surely help historians of the period understand how their subjects read, the project is much more ambitious than that. Reading, after all, is deeply entangled with knowing. In fact, print represents a remarkable technology for knowing: books are places to record knowledge and ways of moving it around. Understand, then, how people read—particularly how they distinguish between the creditable and the suspect in their reading—and you would seem to have gotten your hands on something important about how people claim to know things. The nitty-gritty of the printer's shop, the stupendous minutiae of bibliography, the Byzantine world of print piracy: all these details about the world of early modern printing are, for Johns, a way to get at epistemic questions. Print in the making, as the subtitle suggests, is knowledge in the making.

This assertion by itself is not new. On the contrary, printing has a reasonably well-established place in the following basic story about European intellectual history. Before moveable type and the printed book, scholars had to spend all of their time fretting over the accuracy of their handwritten texts. Scribal errors corrupted everything, making the primary task of academicians a tedious collation and comparison of sources. But the advent of the printing press changed all this, endowing the new printed texts with a new quality: fixity. Standardized, concretized, reproduced in quantity, the printed book could be disseminated in the free-wheeling intellectual marketplace of an emergent "print culture." Here was the stuff of modernity: people reading and interpreting, codifying laws and languages, formulating and circulating their theories of creation. Or, to put it another way: the Protestant Reformation, the Rise of the Nation-State, and the Scientific Revolution.

Thus compressed, the proposition might seem a bit silly, but it has held up surprisingly well. When it comes time to talk about early modernity with a large class of undergraduates yearning to acquit themselves of Western Civ., one seldom omits mention of the rise of a "print culture" and the way newly fixed, reliable texts changed the shape of knowledge in Europe. A part of the story's appeal lies in its crediting a technology—the printing press—with agency. Clio has had an ongoing, subtle fling with Vulcan for quite some time. She likes the mechanic's gadgets, his devices. Machines so clearly do things—they raise weights, grind gunbarrels, scale the Alleghenies—that they must work their tireless labors on history as well. Hence a standard account: enter the printing press, enter textual "fixity" and its attendant cultural emoluments, not least among them science itself.

ACCORDING TO JOHNS, however, we have been wrong to credit the machine, and missed the real story in the process. From our vantage point, print might look like a stabilizing medium, and the printing press might seem to impart "fixity" to the written word—but tell that to John Theophilus Desaguliers, lecturer in Newtonian philosophy in the 1720s, who became so fed up with the countless fraudulent books that bore his name (and the countless others that contained his work but not his name) that he circulated an announcement that only books bearing his hand-written inscription were to be credited by readers. Print fixed nothing for Desaguliers.

The harder Johns looks at the "print culture" of early modern London, in fact, the more out of whack the standard story becomes. Rather than stamping out nice, reliable stacks of neatly printed books

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ready for distribution to Europe's centers of learning, the printing press sat at the center of a madcap world of low-lifes, shysters, hawkers, and lean deal-makers, all of them more interested in printing their way into some money than serving scholarship. This was the world of the stationer, a community of printers and booksellers who amphibiously negotiated high-culture salons and Grub Street alleys. Their "company," a legal body chartered by Queen Mary in 1577, constituted a semi-autonomous polity for the regulation of print through the seventeenth century. Ordering this anarchic guild was never easy. The prodigious productivity of the printing press itself opened the sluices on every manner of clandestine reprinting, knock-off, plagiarism, and textual manipulation.

Visiting the print shop, an aspiring natural philosopher would not have found a friendly set of docile laborers concerned to get his manuscript carefully into print and ready to box off to his colleagues in Leiden. Instead, if he crossed the threshold at the wrong time, he might send the shop hands scrambling out the back windows for fear that he was the King's inspector (or a competitor) trying to nab them in a late-night job on a seditious pamphlet or a bit of saucy verse. The number of printing shops in London—they are the focus of Johns's book—hovered shy of fifty throughout the century, but these houses were merely nodes in a complex web that made up the stationer's world. To the print shops themselves must be added more than one hundred booksellers (plus many more informal outlets and hucksters), coffee houses where books were read and exchanged, and myriad other places and persons: papermakers, typesetters, regulators both formal and informal, open and covert.

Here was a world where rapacity was bounded only by good business sense, where nearly everyone ran off a few extra copies on the side, where shady dealing defined who was who. Granted, not all the pirates were clever enough to pirate a popular pamphlet that railed against piracy, but a few of them did, as Johns notes, and it is a safe bet they enjoyed a tankard of ale and a good laugh in the pub while the sheets were drying. Too bad their mate the proofreader had to miss the celebration, ignominiously hanged, drawn, and quartered for correcting the punctuation on an anti-royalist booklet. You just couldn't be too careful.

ONE PURSUED AUTHORSHIP in this world at one's peril; but the failure to master this realm guaranteed anonymity at best, ignominy at worst. Little wonder then that those who became the most celebrated figures of the period for their voluminous accessions to the world of learning—Robert Hooke, Robert Boyle, Christopher Wren, Isaac Newton—became skilled performers in this print circus. As Johns asserts, each of them likely spent as much time steering their work through the maze of London stationers as they did making air-pumps, fiddling with gravity, and generally participating in the dawn of experimental science for which they and their age would become immortal. Would they have become immortal if they had gotten stuck in this maze?

This is an interesting question; and if Johns had stopped here, *The Nature of the Book* would have added a good deal to our understanding of the period, and of the history of science as well. To the roster of abilities that we can confidently assign to a pioneering natural philosopher—imagination, an eye for significant questions, certain mathematical and mechanical talents—we must now add a capacity to talk one's way into and out of a printshop. Johns's detailed portrait of the stationer's world puts both the texts and the authors of the period in a new light. Given that historians spend much of their time using the books of the past, a thickened sense of their provenance and the idiosyncrasies of their production stands to inform those readings.

But there is more. By representing this stationer's world in its full chaotic splendor, Johns unsettles the received idea of a "print culture": rather than merely gener-

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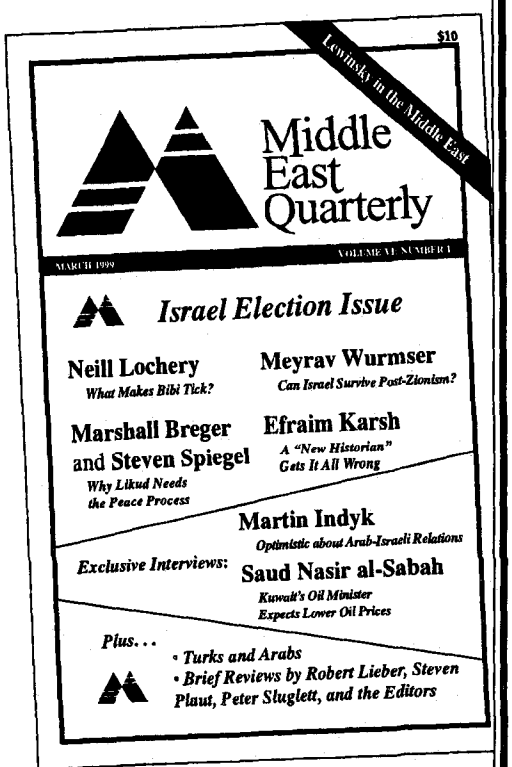

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ating grist for the mill of learning, the printing press spawned a complicated commercial world where men and women wrangled over textual property and tested the unconsolidated boundaries of print propriety. Johns's claim is that if we wish to understand how the printed book came to be a reliable instrument for the production and distribution of knowledge, it is this wrangling that we need to understand.

FOR THE FIXITY OF the printed word—its vaunted reliability—never sprang automatically from the new technology. It emerged slowly as a social context stabilized around the practice of printing itself. What mattered were people, norms, laws protecting textual "property," a consolidated notion of authorship. Only within the scaffolding of these nascent cultural forms could the printed word stand up to scrutiny. The erecting of that scaffolding not only affected the origins of what we think of as science, it is just possible that many of the innovations that we associate with the "scientific revolution"—learned journals, the research article, scientific societies, even the book review itself—might actually be that scaffolding. Thus scrutinized, the institutional structures of early modern science start to look a good deal like a set of strategies to get a grip on the chaotic world of print.

This is not a small punch line, but this is not a small book. So much can be affirmed by any reader who notices, on passing page one hundred and eighty-five, that the second chapter remains unconquered. By the end of that chapter, however, the reader has been introduced to the hurly-burly of the London book trade: the inside of the printer's house; the physical labor of printing a page; the myriad folk necessary to undertake a book; the door-to-door "mercury women," who slung copies over their shoulders and padded about to private homes and bookshops to sell them. Piracy was not an aberration, it was closer to a way of life. If the prospect of sending a manuscript off to the publisher seemed banal at the start of *The Nature of the Book*, on finishing chapter two one can see how a prospective author might have had a nostalgic yearning for a good old-fashioned scribal monk in his celibate cell, outfitted with some foolscap, a quill pen, and a spare decade.

Much of the rest of Johns's book details the different means by which this hectic world was called to order. An extended visit to the Stationers' Hall serves this function. Here a somewhat fractious "commonwealth" of craftsmen defined the proper practice of book making. If there was "fixity" in the printed word, that fixity had more to do with what stationers would and would not let each other get away with than it did with any occult virtue imparted by the press itself. Their "register"—a ledger where individual members inscribed titles that they claimed as their prerogative—served as one means to stabilize who had a right to print what. It was also subject to fraud and manipulation, particularly if you could get friendly with the clerk who kept it. Overstep the bounds of propriety, however, and you lost credibility. In a world that demanded lots of collaboration, the loss of credit meant almost certain failure.

THOSE WHO LOST OUT in this politic world sought other grounds to claim a right to print and to sell books. One place they looked was to the crown. Did a royal patent to print certain texts—say, books of law—trump the traditional authority of the guild? In Restoration Britain, this was a question one could get killed over, particularly if one seemed to be slighting the authority of Charles II. In marshaling evidence for their respective positions, the two sides in this dispute turned firmly to the past, and sought to ground their claims in different stories about the origin of printing. If printing had arisen as a craft, practiced by free men, then it fell under the protection of its own customs and traditional associations. Suppose, though, that the printing press had made its way to Britain by means of the King's own agency, his recruiting spies back in the late fifteenth century to snag a shop assistant from a Dutch atelier. If this was so, then the right to print derived directly from the crown. Contesting printer-authors constructed elaborate genealogies of their craft, all with an eye toward establishing the true nature of print, and, in the process, ratifying one or another kind of print-regulation.

Thus printers themselves stepped forward as the first historians of their trade, and they bear part of the responsibility for mythologizing the print revolution. Their labors bequeathed to us a story about the Adamic printer, Johann Gutenberg, a story that came to be codified as part of a heated dispute among English stationers such as William Prynne and John Streater about who had the authority to print what. It would be very easy to forget, too, that modern notions of authorship and copyright were codified in the context of these same disputes. As legal entities, authors simplified the messy world of early modern book making: define the author as the person responsible for a book, and the business of finding out whom to blame just got considerably easier.

By detailing all this—how authors got to be authors, how printers got to be printers, how the "print revolution" was part of an invented tradition—Johns wants to show how much of what we take for granted about a "print culture" might conceivably have worked out otherwise, how little came as a gift of the printing press and how much came as a result of efforts to fix the mess that the printing press introduced.

NO QUESTION WAS more urgent in this arena than how people were to read the many new texts to which they had access. In an especially impressive chapter, Johns situates the activity of reading in the context of early modern theories of mind, showing that proper reading meant the proper disciplining of exuberant (and potentially noxious) "passions." It would be fair to say that from Thomas Willis (a natural philosopher at Oxford) to John Locke, English thinkers in the seventeenth century were as concerned with the impact of reading upon the mind as twentieth-century Americans are concerned with the cerebral effects of video games and television.

Johns goes on to reveal that "bad" readings were understood to have pernicious consequences. If the contest over who had the right to print books could not be separated from struggles between republicans and monarchists, the struggle over how to read those books could not be separated from the pitched battle over the enthusiastic interpretive exercises of non-conformists, those who quaked and shaked their way through intimate readings of Scripture. Just as new institutions regulated—with varying degrees of success—the volatile world of printing, still other institutions and practices seemed to be needed to stabilize the equally volatile world of reading. Nor were these enterprises entirely unrelated: when, in 1653, John Field misprinted I Corinthians 6:9 so that the unrighteous did inherit the Kingdom, the problem transcended copy-editing.

In the light of Johns's work, we may reframe the problem of knowledge in the long seventeenth century, and call it a problem of stabilizing the social forms that guaranteed reliability in book makers and book users. Then take a close look at the Royal Society. Chartered by Charles II in 1662, the Royal Society has long occupied a quasi-sacred place in the history of science. Here a coterie of curious gentlemen nurtured the nascent experimental philosophy. They watched experiments, recorded their observations, accepted submissions of papers outlining inventions and questions. Here, if anywhere, the institutional context of scientific investigation was born. The motto of the society—*Nullius*

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in Verba, Nothing by Words—captures the spirit of a Baconian enterprise, one intent on rejecting scholasticism and its endless disputations, and hankering to twist nature's tail in an effort to figure out what was going on. And given this paradigmatic rejection of words, it merits attention that the Society was perhaps best known for its *Transactions*, often cited as the earliest scientific journal in Europe.

WHAT WAS THE Royal Society, Johns asks, if not an ingenious solution to the problems posed by a world of unreliable print and ungovernable readings? The Society worked like a print licenser (its secretary had served the King in just that capacity), granting its imprimatur to works. This did not mean that the Society ratified the truth of their content; it meant that the Society vouched for their reliability: they were what they said they were. Like the stationer's commonwealth, the Society kept a register, in which it recorded all communications and claims. As the stationer's register rewarded openness by guaranteeing a record of property, so the register of the Royal Society served as a repository of claims to innovation. In negotiating conflicts of precedence, the register could show who was a usurper, and who had simply been outdone.

The Royal Society's structure and textual practices—its meetings, its role in encouraging candor and distribution of information while limiting plagiarism, its concern with intellectual property and credit, its appraisals of recently printed books—can be understood as an array of strategies to stabilize the printed word, to make sober and public the practice of text-making, to frustrate the pirates. The enterprise of understanding Creation could not free itself from the systems of communication available; and a glance at the world of the stationers proved these were daunting indeed.

The Royal Society, then, emerged as a very clever solution to a set of perplexities faced by anyone wanting to read or to write a book. It worked to create a sanctuary for the right books and the right ways of using them. Against this backdrop, science itself appears to take shape as a very particular set of ways of reading and writing. Seem far-fetched? It might not have seemed so strange to John Flamsteed, the Astronomer Royal, as he stoked the flames under a giant stack of book signatures at the top of Greenwich Hill in March of 1716. The book in question bore his name, and it represented a decade's labor at his telescope, charting the sky of the northern hemisphere. Master of his telescope but flummoxed at the printshop, Flamsteed had fought a losing battle with Isaac Newton and Edmund Halley over how his magnum opus would go into print. The details of this struggle make up the capstone chapter to *The Nature of the Book*. Here a well-known scientific dispute is retold as a dispute about print and propriety, with a conclusion that speaks for the book: science took shape in the transit to print.

AMBROSE BIERCE ONCE reviewed a book in a single sentence: "The covers of this book are too far apart." Having traversed all the territory embraced by the covers of *The Nature of the Book*, I will say only that they are very far apart. If Johns did not write so well, it would be difficult to imagine navigating so vast and meticulous a study. But he writes very well indeed, offering elegant conceits for each chapter, regularly reviewing the territory covered and that lying ahead, and periodically proffering a zinger to hold the reader's attention.

> John Streater was born in Lewes, Sussex. It was a godly town, and Streater's was a godly family. His brother Aaron, for example, combined sectarianism with illicit medical practice and a keen interest in explosives.

It is difficult to imagine a nicer way to meet the Streaters.

Still, as I made my way through Johns's volume and was exhorted to think harder about the social contexts out of which books emerge and into which they go, I could not help but turn my thinking to the nature of *The Nature of the Book*: the meticulous scholarship, the low throb of the footnotes on each page, the bibliography of one thousand six hundred printed items, the cullings from nearly twenty archives. Who, I began to wonder, actually reads such a tremendous accomplishment?

This is not the first time I have wondered this about a scholarly book. But here, in Johns's case, the question took on a new urgency: most scholars who write endless turgid books do so for want of the ability to write something less turgid. While *The Nature of the Book* is not the least bit turgid—the thoroughly brilliant first page is the best five hundred words I have ever come across in an academic book—it is nearly endless. This might not matter, if one did not sense in *The Nature of the Book* a 240-page book yearning to breathe free, ruddy with its author's intelligence, packed with his painstaking research, endowed with his narrative gifts. A book, for God's sake, that people—real, thinking people, with lives—could actually sit down and read. I will not speculate as to why this book is not with us, though I must strongly suspect that a glance at the context that has produced this one—an academic world that has seen a preposterous escalation in what a young scholar must publish to secure a tenured position—would tell us much about how it came to be what it is. In the end, that ghostly book would have been a much less impressive thing than *The Nature of the Book*, but it would have given pleasure to many more people.

AND NOT MERELY pleasure. A part of what makes Johns's book so timely is that we find ourselves, at this very moment, in the throes of a textual revolution of comparable scope to the one that was precipitated by printing itself. Anyone casting about to understand just what Johns is getting at—how a technical innovation could precipitate a chaotic scramble to reconstitute textual authority and reliability—need look no farther than the computer perched on his desk.

Imagine, for a moment, a future history of the late twentieth century. It argues that the electronic text revolution was simple: people had more texts at their disposal, greater flexibility in using them, greater ease in moving them around. How foolish such an account would seem! We, alive now and watching it happen, know only too well that electronic systems for moving and composing text and images have outstripped our social codes and norms: teachers have no way to monitor the plagiarism of sources; parents have no way to regulate children's access to the most dazzling pornography; massive quantities of information about each of us drift free for public access; other people can use your e-mail signature to send hate-mail to your boss.

Meanwhile, just as Johns describes in the context of the seventeenth century, we are already setting about mythologizing this revolution, creating folk histories, and deploying new systems (social, technical) to restabilize credit and security in this new and chaotic world. One utopian story credits e-mail and desktop publishing with the fall of the Berlin Wall. On the dystopian side, we hear that webs of electronic exchange have destabilized stock markets and national economies.

Johns would have us remember that the technology does nothing by itself. What will be interesting is to watch how our social lives, our institutional forms, and our very theories of knowledge are refigured in order to stabilize what a new textual technology has set in flux. Taking Johns's argument in its most ambitious formulation, the last time this happened nothing less than science emerged from the fray. If he is right, we may expect some remarkable things ahead. ■

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Filio-porn

"THERE IS ALWAYS a risk of vulgarity in diagnosing the famous dead," writes James Trilling in *The American Scholar*. "I judge the risk worth taking." And so he boldly goes where no child of the famous dead has ever gone before, and exposes them. The object of James Trilling's unmasking is Lionel Trilling, his father. In a notebook of 1952, the son has discovered the father's confession that his exalted sense of himself "really needs the *mask*." "Behind the mask," the son writes, "was neither serenity nor contempt, but a near-total obliviousness to his surroundings." Lionel Trilling was, in James Trilling's telling, a creature of obliviousness. He swung too late at tennis balls. He failed to recognize his mother on the street. He swam into the paths of motorboats. He never consulted the rear-view mirror when he was behind the wheel. He exhibited a "tendency to be 'somewhere else.'" "My father's worst problem was not neurosis," the son concludes, "it was a neurological condition, attention deficit disorder. . . . I have it, my father almost certainly had it, and in all likelihood his father had it too." (The evidence for the grandfather's malady is that he "botched the reading at his bar mitzvah.")

BUT JAMES TRILLING BELIEVES THAT Lionel Trilling's ideas were also symptoms. His father's belief in complexity enrages him. "Why couldn't he be simply for or against, just once, like everybody else?" His father's belief in tragedy enrages him. "Of all 'simple' solutions, he mistrusted happiness the most. The idea of living happily ever after must have seemed almost crass to him." "He saw the world as a practical and moral obstacle course, but it was the obstacles that fascinated him, not the ways around them." And this inconclusiveness compromised Trilling's criticism, too. "During his entire career as an interpreter of literature, I doubt that my father ever solved a problem, in the sense of marshalling evidence to prove or disprove a theory. On the contrary, he built his career on the mistrust of certainties and was rarely content with a simple answer when a complex one could be found.... He was most comfortable exploring implications, ambiguities, cultural states of mind: issues without a beginning or an end.... He made it his job to remind people that there were two sides to every question." But this strict and sober temperament, this taxing construction of intellectual seriousness, is for James Trilling only diagnostically interesting. He has found the explanation for the mind of his father: "ADD slows reaction time: one has to stop and think about responding." The pathology of reflection!

JAMES TRILLING GREW UP ON CLAREMONT Avenue, but he does not grasp that interpreters of literature do not "prove" or "disprove" things scientistically. He also does not grasp that his father "solved" many "problems" in his tireless criticism of the false meanings or the pernicious meanings of our moral and literary and political and cultural categories. ADD or no ADD, Lionel Trilling's writing is exemplary in its steadiness. In his work, the father never lost his head. The son's essay is therefore very sad. It cannot have been easy, of course, to grow up in the household of the Trillings. It was a household somewhat fevered by Freudianism; and I do not doubt that, his admiration for "The Immortality Ode" notwithstanding, Lionel Trilling was not a child's best companion. But whose childhood, really, was radiance and felicity? James Trilling's complaint is banal and low. When he writes that "the ruling emotions of my childhood were frustration, discouragement, and humiliation," I believe him, and I am startled by the extent to which he still has not mastered those emotions. This is all the more pitiable in that the mastery of such wounds was precisely the objective of his father's great unflinching before unreason. The refreshment of stoicism for the modern world: this was Lionel Trilling's enterprise. But can a stoic raise a stoic? Perhaps not. (It was Trilling who observed, in his essay on Howells, that the experience of the family is what broaches "the idea of *the conditioned*.") In this sense, I guess, reason is not like ADD. It cannot be inherited.

JAMES TRILLING'S ESSAY IS A TYPICAL document of its time, of this golden age of physicalism. Of his parents, he writes that "they disliked the idea that mental states can have physical causes: it took individual behavior out of the control of the individual." Now, the authority of Lionel Trilling was owed not least to his strenuous and eloquent advocacy of this principle; but his son despises him for it. And so he reduces his father's thought into an expression of his father's body, in the tiresome cultural materialist manner. He is, more precisely, a medical materialist—the most vulgar medical materialist since William Styron, who responded to Primo Levi's suicide in 1988 by suggesting in *The New York Times* that Levi was not despairing but depressed, and that "capable hospital attention" was all that he lacked. The younger Trilling is similarly satisfied with a simple answer—in his simplification lies his rebellion—which he describes as "the physical basis of attention." It is obvious to him that there was a remedy for the elder Trilling's strictness and distractedness, and it was psychopharmacological. "My father stumbled on the right medication, only to have it taken away." Sometime in the 1950s, a doctor prescribed Dexamyl, and it "worked like a charm" until another doctor took him off it. "It even seems, from things my mother said, that he was able to work with unusual efficiency during those years."

WITH UNUSUAL EFFICIENCY, PERHAPS; but there is no textual evidence in any of Lionel Trilling's writings of the 1950s that Dexamyl in any way, even for a single lecture or a single essay, qualified his conviction that (as he remarked in 1950) "perhaps it is inescapable for us that the word 'tragic' should be used as an ultimate recommendation for a sense of life." To hell, then, with the texts. The aim of James Trilling's filio-porn is to relieve himself, and us, of a certain lofty notion of Lionel Trilling and thereby to relieve himself, and us, of a certain lofty notion of the intellectual vocation. The son is tired of having to be (in one of the father's favorite words) exigent. His diminishment of his father's view of life into a clinical condition is designed to bring us all the gift of relaxation. If "mind," as Lionel Trilling liked to call it, is just an abstraction for the denial of ADD, then never mind "mind."

THUS THE STAKES IN JAMES TRILLING'S exhibitionism are greater than gossip. He degrades precious things. And so it is worth repeating that "mind" is indeed an abstraction, but abstractions are the badges of the human difference. We have bodies and we have minds, but the significant truth about our minds is that they are not only our bodies. It is from within the conditioned that we imagine, and attempt to live by, the unconditioned. There are issues without a beginning and an end, and there are two sides to many questions. The obstacles in the world are facts of the world, and some of the facts are final. "Somewhere else" is a fine place to be, if you want to think. The idea of living happily ever after is crass, but still there is happiness. Complexity is the destiny of thoughtful individuals, from which they will never be rescued, but still there is love.

LEON WIESELTIER

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Then & Now

July 28, 1943 — President Roosevelt is personally told by a Polish agent that Germany is proceeding to eliminate the Jews from Europe. He tells Roosevelt that he has seen the death camps and the ongoing slaughter of Jews in Europe.

March, 1999 — The Serbs start their offensive to ethnically cleanse Ethnic Albanians from Kosovo. The Serbs previously demonstrated their method of ethnic cleansing in Bosnia, specifically in Srebrenica where they herded 7,000 men and boys to a U.N. Safe Haven and executed them.

July 28, 1943 — President Roosevelt announces that the Allies have to win the war first and then they will come to the aid of the Jews in Europe. This policy continued until the end of the war with the Allies refusing the request of the World Jewish Congress to help Jews escape and refusing to bomb death camps. Four million more Jews die before the Allies win the war and come to the aid of the Jews in Europe.

March/April, 1999 — President Clinton announces: He has no intention of sending in ground troops in Kosovo or of providing arms so the Ethnic Albanians can defend themselves. He announces a bombing campaign to stop the Serbs, and states that as soon as this bombing campaign wins the war and drives the Serbs from Kosovo, NATO will come to the aid of the Ethnic Albanians. The Serbs proceed to murder, rape, burn villages, and drive over 500,000 Ethnic Albanians from Kosovo.

History records that fifty-six years ago the first voice of the U.S. Government to issue a call for action to save the Jews of Europe from the ongoing genocide was the Foreign Affairs Committee of the U.S. Senate. It passed the following resolution on December 20, 1943:

"We have talked; we have sympathized; we have expressed our horror; the time to act is long past due."

HOW MANY MORE ETHNIC ALBANIANS WILL BE MURDERED, RAPED AND DRIVEN FROM KOSOVO BEFORE NATO WINS THE AIR WAR SO WE CAN COME TO THEIR AID?

History Is Repeating Itself In Europe.

We Cannot Wait To Win The Air War Before We Act To Save The Ethnic Albanians.

Once Again, The Time To Act Is Long Past Due.

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